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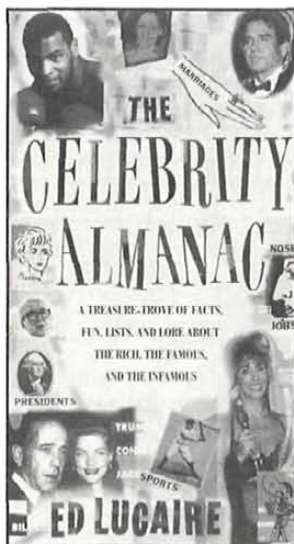
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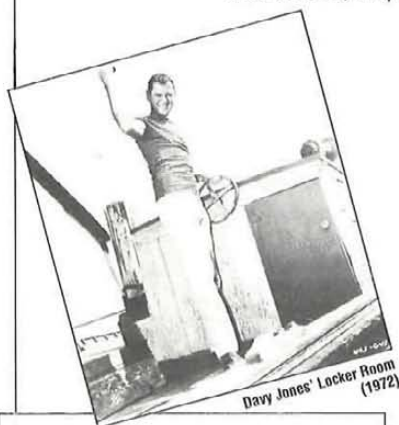
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This month's cover features the bountiful beauty of Sandi Korn who is up for this year's *Penthouse* Pet of the Year and would appreciate all our readers votes. Harry Heleotis was the lucky stiff behind the lens. Make up: Gareth Green

A PARALLEL ACHIEVEMENT: NATIONAL LAMPOON CINEMA

National Lampoon has not only presented some of the finest parodies of the past 22 years, it has also helped reinvent the art of film comedy through its unforgettable motion picture releases. While savouring this best-of issue, why not run down to your video store and look for one of these classics:



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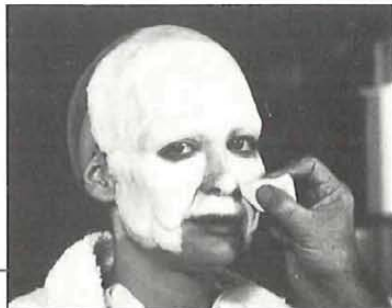
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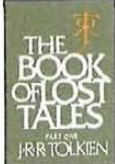
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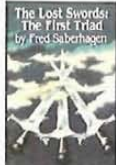
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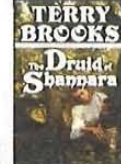
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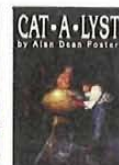
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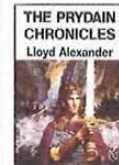
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EDITORIAL

We all had a great time putting together the Best of Parodies issue. Shoot, we practically had to keep pinching ourselves just to remind us that we were actually getting paid to stroll through the classic issues of the past and pick out our favorite parodies that we could get legal clearance to share with you. Some of the guys here said it was as good as a vacation. But as with any vacation, there are always a few regrets about the sights and historical markers you had to miss.

Mostly, we regret not being able to show you *all* our favorite parodies. Fact is, there were just too darn many to squeeze in. Plus some had been lost or stolen or defaced by bad elements previously connected with this company.

For instance, remember *Ranger Rick*? The nature magazine for kids? Well, the *National Lampoon* parody, *Mangy Rick*, written by Henry Beard, Christopher Cerf, and Michael O'Donoghue in 1972, was one of the funniest parodies ever! Instead of features on interesting animals and conservation, all the stories were about wild, diseased animals suffering from rabies, hydrocephalus, distemper, and a bunch of other actual diseases that afflict wild animals! It's really

technical and gross, of course, but incredibly hysterical. Well, unfortunately, it's also sixty-three pages long. If we ran that, there'd be no room for anything else.

In 1975, Brian McConnachie and Doug Kenney wrote an inspired piece called *Khunk: The Newsletter for People Who Give President Ford Medical Attention*. It was not only side-splitting, but also a thorough "lampoon" of the American political system. We had to scrap it, though, when the market research boys told us that most Americans today believe that "President Ford" was the name of one of the Coneheads on *Saturday Night Live*.

And then there's the thing that P. J. O'Rourke, John Hughes, Sean Kelly, Gerry Sussman, and all those guys did in 1979, *The College Economics Textbook Parody*. It was a follow-up to the famous *High School Yearbook Parody*. It wasn't as popular as the yearbook, even though it's probably thirty times funnier. Of course, if *Mangy Rick* was too long at sixty-four pages, *The College Economics Textbook Parody* is definitely too long at 657 pages! (They published it in fifty-page installments from January 1979 to

February 1980.) Still, we wish you could see it because every detail is exactly right.

Tod Carroll and Ted Mann's three-pager from 1982, "The AA Route Map for Drunk Teens," is also a classic, but Alcoholics Anonymous won an injunction to prevent us from ever publishing it again after eighteen kids were killed trying to use the Route Map between 1982 and 1985. It's a shame, since it's a solid piece of writing that really makes a satirical point about kids and drinking.

And the recent *Sports Illustrated* parody that Ratslo Sloman and Andy Simmons wrote, *Sports Fuckistrated*, might have been just perfect. It's mostly pictures of naked women who use their breasts and vaginas to compete in the sports world. It sounds crass, but it's pretty funny. But some kind of acid material seems to have spurted onto the original and so we can't use it.

But just because we couldn't include some of these great classics in our Best of Parodies issue, that doesn't make what we *have* included less funny. Far from it. These parodies are as fresh and funny as ever. In fact, like a scenic souvenir pencil sharpener you might pick up on your vacation, we're betting this issue stays around your house for a good long time.

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Associate Publisher/Advertising Director: Bruce Wolff **Vice President/General Manager:** Howard Jurofsky

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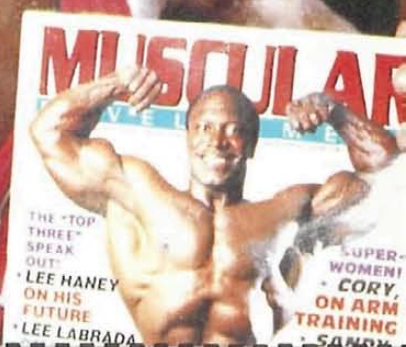
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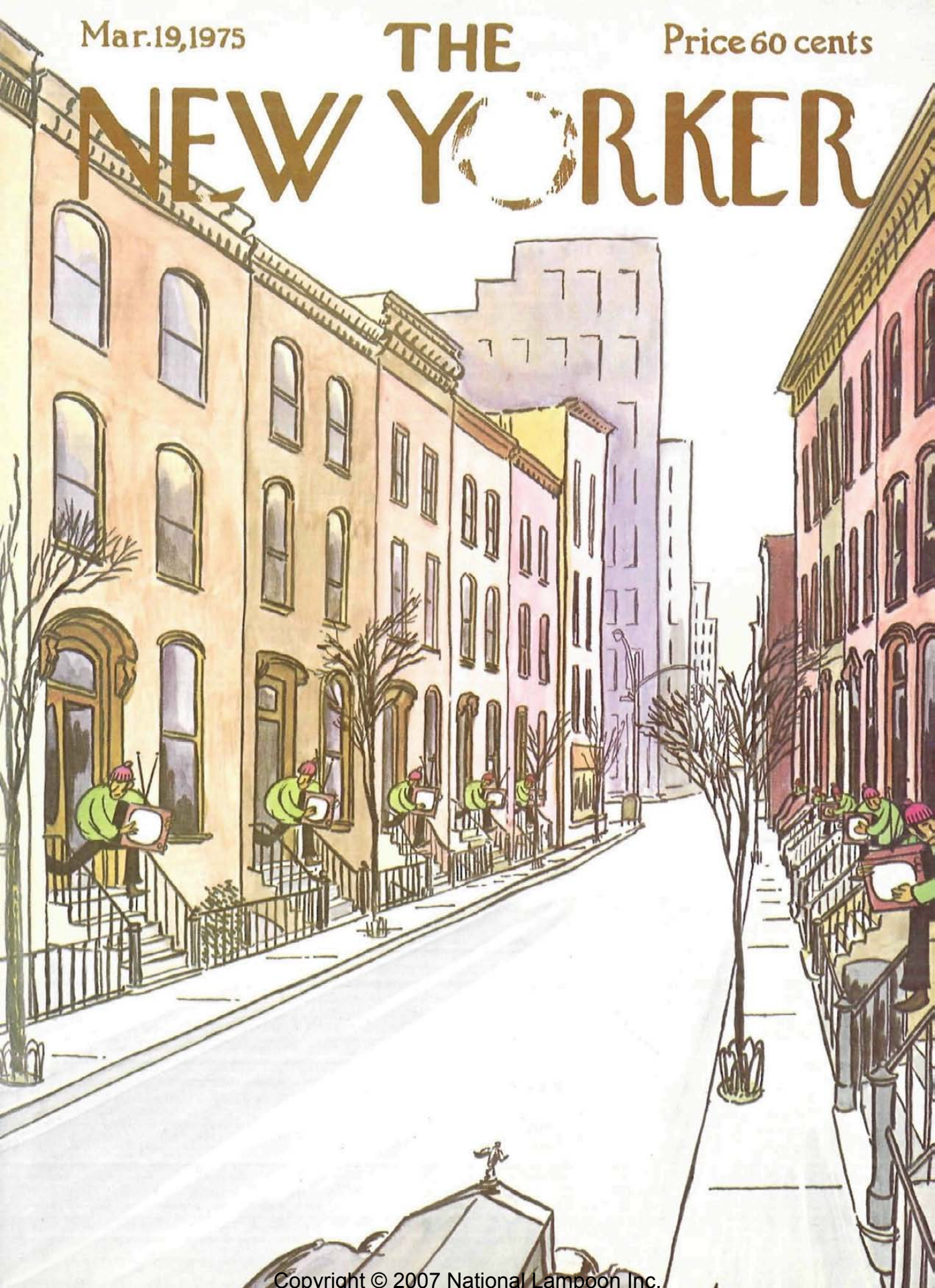
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NEW YORKER



GOING ON AND ON

A CONSCIENCELESS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE PLAYS AND MUSICALS

ADD HUE TO YOUR VEHICLE—A tired, thinly-disguised reprise of the old musical, "Paint Your Wagon." With Rogers Peet and Georgette Klinger. (Desi Arnaz, 209 W. 45th St. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

AMUNDSEN, AMUNDSEN—Kurt Remark plays the gloomy introspective Polar explorer in Norwegian playwright Ringes Lager's classic study of human pride and foolishness set in an igloo at 45° 34', 2° 7'. (Asbury Park, 145 W. 48th St. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

AN EVENING WITH JOHN PAYNE—The star of many a Twentieth Century Fox musical with Alice Faye and Betty Grable does readings from these movies, plus several arthritic song-and-dance numbers. Payne proves once and for all that he can act his way out of a paper bag. (Herman Badillo Playhouse, Madison Ave. and 60th St. Matinees every day.)

ATTACK OF THE ANTBARS—Absolutely enchanting and in Yiddish. Screeching actors planted in the audience effectively add to the suspense. The ending should be kept a secret, but it goes like—the antbears all agree to put on their skates and go fight Hitler provided the townspeople will never again accuse the antbears of being selfish and overly sentimental. Sorry. (Playmobile. Various nights at sunset. Various locations. No matinees.)

BANQUO AND THE WITCHES—Shakespearean adaptation of *Macbeth* done by Earl Wilson, Sr. It takes on the two elements that made the show "the hit it was." Funniest scene is when Richard III enters frantically, willing to trade anything for a horse, and Lady Macbeth says, "... well, you'll just have to see for yourself. (Duff/Lapino Theatre, 80 West 41st St. Every night, seven matinees. Will play parties and small rooms.)

BAWDYHOUSE BAXTER—One of Tennessee Williams' earliest efforts. Baxter is an enigmatic young Englishman who refuses to pay the rent to his New Orleans landlady. She informs him that as a landlady she has the power to have him shot for non-payment. He informs her that he is the King of England and he can have her shot for asking him for money. It's all happily resolved when he finally brings down his trunk containing his royal raiments and the crown jewels. (Ed Sullivan Theatre, 52nd St. and Broadway. Nightly except when CBS needs the studio to tape giveaway shows.)

CATARACTS—Patty Meat as the iris and Jeff Fishbank as the cornea in a penetrating tale of an eyeball gone to seed. Michel Outré directed, and Lou Fusco made the marvelous mechanical peeper that almost steals the show. (Better Vision Institute, 1790 Broadway. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7. Matinees, except Sundays, at 2:30.)

CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA—Robert Bolt's latest historic drama about the somewhat confused second century philosopher. Clement is angry about all of the philosophy he has to learn but is at the same time happy about all of the philosophy that he doesn't have to learn because it hasn't been written yet. Now enter Diana of Europe, and Clement closes his books once and for all. (Theatre in the Dark, 265 W. Vanderbilt. Nightly, except weekends, at 7:30. Matinees at 2:30.)

COLORADO—This year's big, splashy musical, which is a direct steal of "Oklahoma." The hard-working cast includes John Stitt, Mary Jane Pythe, and Lou Anders. Music and lyrics mostly by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein, III. (Mario Biaggi Theatre, Fifth Ave. and 59th St.)

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME—Israel Surfeit's archly unsentimental play about four college sophomores who bet that they can stay up all night and what happens when they have visitors, among

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4	5	10	7	8	9	14

them a derelict Pulitzer Prize winner and a Negro ventriloquist with a sore throat. The cast is able, but the surprises are few. Directed by Marc Mersky. (Vito Battista Theatre, Park Ave. and 45th St. Nightly.)

I SAY, OLD CHAP—A petty little comedy by the English playwright Alun Smallpox, which ran in the West End for nine years. The exceptionally obese cast includes Jennifer Rutherford and Miles Melvin. (Rose Ann Scamardella Theatre, Fifth Ave. and 57th St. Nightly.)

MOTHER!—Multitalented Melvin Van Peebles has rewritten the Oedipus story in black street slang, with Dorothy Dandridge as the mother and Ben Vereen as the mother-finder. Powerful, jazzy. (The Butterfly McQueen Center for the Performance Arts, Broadway and 100th Street. Nightly at 7.)

THE SHMENDRICKS—Tim Toomey's musical is about a file clerk who goes to see a man about a dog. There

isn't much more. The music is by Stephen Blomberg and Bart Huff wrote the lyrics. (Malcolm Wilson Playhouse, Fifth Ave. and 56 St. Weekends and Tuesdays at 5.)

STRANDED IN DE JUNGLE—Stanley meets Livingston, Stanley loses Livingston, Stanley gets Livingston. The old story, retold from the African's point of view, with a "rock 'n' soul score" (that's what it says in the program) provided by Melvin van Peebles. Fast-paced, but presumptuous. (The Grand, 233 W. 46th St. Tuesdays through Sundays at 7:30, Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

STRETCHMARKS—Sondheim scores again as he brilliantly underscores the joys and frustrations of dumb, fat people in New York. "Sup-hose I Loved You" and "Nice Piece of Fish" both show-stoppers. (Colostomy, 346 W. 46th. Reopens Tuesday, March 22nd.)

SVUJO LIVING PUPPET THEATRE OF LATVIA—Latvian folk tales brought to life by people masquerading as puppets. Perfectly ordinary entertainment for anyone age 6 or age 60. (Harrison Goldin, Fifth Ave. and 44 St.)

TOO HOT TO HANDLE—The Yiddish-American Theater's latest potpourri of guttural gibberish, served up in a seemingly endless array of unintelligible skits, saliva-sprayed songs, and pachydermatous production numbers. Most memorable moment:

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COVER: Bruce McCall

DRAWINGS: Ted Key, Buck Brown, Tom Wolfe, Candy Bergen, Walter O'Malley, Al Vargas, Peter Max, Jules Feiffer, Walter Keane, The King Family, Robert Wagner, Dorothy, Margaret Chase Smith, Charles Schultz, Georgie Jessel, Rally Fingers, Knuckles O'Toole, W.C. Handy

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THE NEW YORKER is published at the sort of intervals a magazine such as THE NEW YORKER ought to be published at, by the sort of corporation which ought to publish it. A number of very nice people in Philadelphia know our business addresses in Atlanta and San Francisco. We favor the three-piece sack suit for every ordinary occasion, traveling or in town. Suitable woolen stuffs come in endless variety and any which look plain from a short distance are "safe." Summer clothes are lighter in color as well as weight and their accessories can be much less conservative. Colored socks are entirely proper not only in browns and grays but in light colors as well. White socks are worn only with flannel trousers, and must be woolen or cotton—not silk. Ties of printed foulard or handkerchief silks can be very gay in coloring but the pattern should be small.

GOING ON AND ON

the pastrami ballet from "West Side Tsuris." These people are their own worst enemies. (The Sholem Aleichem Little Theatre, 342 2nd Ave. Evenings and Matinees every day but Saturday.)

UBANGI BLACKFACE BIG MAMA—Lonny Hayward's folk farce is broadly based on "Othello," but no one has told the actors, who are having a wonderful time, especially John Paul Jones, who is not even in the play. Lloyd Wainright's halfhearted direction is perfect. Blackamoor Repertory Company. (Abe Beame Theatre, Madison Ave. and 55th St. Nightly at about 8 or 9-ish.)

VIVA GORBODUC!—A long overdue revival of Norton and Sackville's blank verse tragedy. Uta Hagen shines as Gorboduc in a novel transsexual rendition of the title role, and Daniel Seltzer is superb in the moving dumb shows that precede each act—a Sackville innovation that seems as fresh today as it was in 1561. (Margaret Dumont Theatre, 221 W. 46th St. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

WHITE PASTURES—A David Merrick revival, in much altered form, of Marc Connelly's 1934 classic, *Green Pastures*, with an all-white cast and folk-rock score by ex-Chad Mitchellite John Denver. Merv Griffin is amusing as "de Lawd." (The Crackerbox, Broadway at 42nd. At 8:30 nightly, except weekdays, Dark Saturday and Sunday.)

NIGHT TOWN

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

DOWNSTAIRS IN THE BACK, 80 Lafayette St.—An upholsterer's warehouse that doubles as a cabaret and showcase for sundry rock, folk, pop, jazz, and whatever. The Proctor-Silex, a rock group that plays electrified appliances, appears Nov. 9. On Dec. 8, Sean McGullicuddy presents his latest collection of off-speed polka records and travel slides. On Thursday, April 2, Blind Willie Siegel and Arthur "Jellybones" Weiss start playing and singing the same monotonous stuff they've been doing for thirty years. The Majestic Magenta Messiahs of Motown, a gospel 'n' cheese group, take over in June. *BYOB*.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave., at 59th St.—Watery drinks and Sonesta ashtrays in the **PERSIAN ROOM**, along with beat-out, black-rooted chantoosie Mimi Hollandaise. In the **OAK BAR**, some swell wood paneling, acrylic rugs, and two loud salesmen from Cleveland. **TRADER VIC'S** is now featuring Muzak by Arthur Lyman and a dollar off all drinks normally served in plastic blowfish.

VILLAGE IDIOT, 24 Grove St., near Christopher St.—Miles Renfro brings his accordion and his highly nervous quintet into this oppressively small, humid, and generally unsafe room. On Thursdays, Cloudy and Cool, a soul food duo, make an appearance. There is a large Black bartender who answers to the name "Sir."

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St.—A good address, just off the avenue. Used to have tea-dances back when people had money and neckties. Not like now, though.

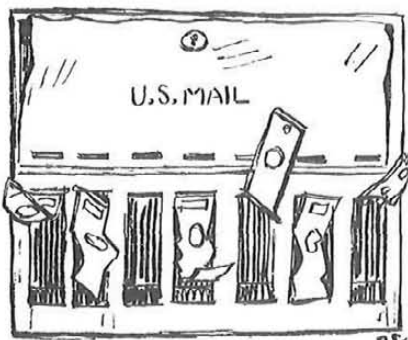
SLEEPY AND BASHFUL

DUMBELL'S, 10 Mott St., at Pell St.—Red checkered tablecloths and broken glass line the floor of this neighborhood bar, formerly an opium den. A desultory trio led by Herman Rubin, Jr., offers Moravian hymns. Vocalist Judi Neale takes over on Wednesdays and doesn't go home. Beers and wines only. No smoking.

THE EAGLES' NEST, 1146 Hudson St.—A *gemütlich* roost for rough traders and civilized s&m. Come as you are, as long as you are stuffed into a black leather space suit with more chains than Marley's ghost and can fart nails on command. Watch yourself.

THE VILLAGE DUMP, at the corner of Sixth and Bleecker—Exposed brick and N.Y.U. students with exposed brick complexions set the dowbeat for this long-lived boho bistro, said to have been a favorite of Dylan Thomas, although management changes more often than the tablecloths and it's hard to be sure *who* they let in, what with the new drinking age. Folk-music by Leonard Simpcus and the New Youths.

HOYCOMB'S II, First Ave., at 84th St.—Bobby and



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10	7	12	13	14	15	13

the Bodyshirts recreate future gold and every Wednesday is Ladies' Night with free Harvey Wallbangers to any patron in hotpants or Ms-ing her bra. Some rugby team pretty much takes over after eleven, free popcorn and check. Fairies beware.

DOPEY AND SNEEZY

SHERATON-KRUPSACK, Fifth Ave., at 60th St.—Les Ludlow's trio holds forth for dancing until ten, when Dimitri Trentini's violin takes over. At eleven-thirty, pianist Jules Martel and vocalist Patricia Zinty provide smoothly agreeable sounds until one-fifteen, when Herb Lofiere's harp holds the floor until two-forty-five. On Tuesdays and Fridays, Bella Romano's viola alternates with the Anthony Campobello orchestra. Steven Schwemer's piano follows on alternate weekends, between ten and eleven. Closed for renovations until next year.

TABLE D'HOTE/LEFTOVERS, 56 E. 53rd St.—On even-numbered days, this elegant little Eastside dining spot operates under the name **TABLE D'HOTE** and

serves the finest in French haute cuisine. On odd-numbered days, it cuts its prices by eighty percent, changes its name to **LEFTOVERS**, and serves up whatever was left behind by the previous night's diners. Fun, but not for everyone. Double-check your calendar before making reservations.

STRYDELLE'S, 198th St., at Broadway—A silly-looking room that doesn't know whether it's supposed to be mock-Tudor, or pseudo-Venetian, or what. Etta LaPierre gives us a lesson in rhythm, harmony, and needlepoint, backed by a sporadic trio (Roy Tripe is on drums). In the front room Benny Bush leads a twenty-two-piece Dixieland band. Both groups like to play at the same time.

EL MONACO, 154 E. 54th St.—Not what it used to be. Doors nailed shut, tarpaulins over what's left of the furniture. Gee.

LE CLUB SODA, 920 First Ave., at 52nd St.—The smoky Tonette of Babs Tuckaboe and Vern Cudahy's engaging impressions of a variety of barnyard animals combine to weave a subtle spell over this snug, pleasantly frowzy *boîte* just a snap from Turtle Bay. Not for the tenderfooted—it's strictly stand-up (the chairs are nailed upside down to the tables, in keeping with the maître d's practiced yawns and the chic, can't-be-bothered atmosphere), and unless curling and uncurling your toes is your idea of tripping the light fantastic, there's no dancing. Shows begin at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Snacks, dips, and funny-looking crunchy things in dishes.

FANTOD'S, 145 W. 46th St.—Visitors to this sullen cabaret are quickly confronted with the smell of sizzling shashlik, won ton soup, and home fries, the house specialties, and the glint off the walls of smashed lightbulbs stuck into slabs of hardened butterscotch. Presently, Freddy Herb is coaxing vaguely bell-like noises from his xylophone and comedian Buddy Brazo keeps visitors in stitches with his knock-knock jokes. Dining.

MOVIES

SIDESWIPE, the world's smallest disaster movie. Lots of shots of cars speeding along highways, cross-sections of humanity and little dramas in each car, all leading up to an accidental sideswiping of two cars that brush against each other when the two lanes narrow into one. No one is seriously hurt. Directed in what seems like slow motion by Ted Glish. Stars Charlton Heston, Glenn Ford, Ava Gardner, and Ernest Borgnine. (It was at the Amherst Theatre, last we heard).



Enchanting figurines from...

Poubelle

Wee Willie Wee Wee, a bewitching little cherub handcrafted from the finest porcelain by our old world masters. Slip down the little rascal's shorts and learn why Willie will be "number one" among discerning collectors everywhere. Height, 7½ inches. In a limited edition of fifty thousand.

Price, Four dollars and thirty-nine cents



ollection



TOWN ON THE TAKE

Nuts and Currents

TWO items in the newspaper caught our eye last week. One was a report from Kandy, in Sri Lanka, which is the tag Ceylon has been asking everyone to use lately. It told of the beaching of a giant squid on a strip of sand on the east coast of the lush island republic. The aquatic behemoth, which reportedly measured a full fifty feet from its head to the tips of its ten, sucker-studded arms, had been dead for several days, and was apparently washed ashore by the powerful tides typical of the Indian Ocean at this time of the year. We imagined the scene: a large crowd of curious Sri Lankans who had come to see the antique and alien creature, which even in death must have seemed threatening and malevolent, a reminder, perhaps, of some ancient terror; children frisking around the massive carcass, daring each other to run up and poke it with sticks and then scampering away when a stray roll of surf moved its massive tentacles in a slow mime of once mighty thrashes; and, at last, after a day or two, when amazement passed, and with it fear, and the momentary respect that man accords the large, the novel, and the physically forbidding, a handful of scavengers stripping the great fish for bait, and even for food; for Sri Lanka is still as poor as it was when its name was less cacophonous.

The other item described the passage by the Michigan legislature of a law requiring drivers in that state to make clear and complete hand signals to indicate turns, stops, and lane changes, regardless of whether the electrical direction indicators on the rear of their automobiles were in working order. It sounded like the kind of statute that is headed for some pretty widespread public disrespect.

It's hard enough to pilot a motorcar through the endless maze of highways that writhe and squirm around the country like the arms of a squid without letting go of our steering grip and shifting mechanisms to wave and waggle a tentacle out the car window, and at the same time keep our eye, semantically Cyclopedian, an echo of the cephalopod that navigates the horrid depths as we drive through the thick smog sea, cased in sheet metal, not scales and slime, but heavy and glistening, and like that primordial beast, speeding perhaps toward some unimagined shore—sand for him, concrete, of which it is a constituent, for us—where, beached and mute, we suffer, ignorant of it, the serried gaze of an idle crowd come to view a more modern demise, fearsome, though all too familiarly so, and like the departure of that grand submarine denizen, final.

Up In Fred's Room

SETTING our hat at a jauntier angle than usual, we went up to the Hotel Pierre bright and early the other morning to renew acquaintances with Mr. Fred Astaire, the dancer. All we could hear from behind the Astaire door was "sssssss," so remembering

a trick taught us by Mr. Willie Sutton, who was not a dancer, we gingerly let ourselves inside. We decided that Mr. Astaire in the flesh looks ten years younger than he does on television talk shows. We also decided that even when he's dead to the world, Mr. Astaire has style. We liked the way he lay there in his blue silk pajamas, as poised and graceful in repose as in a dance number. We also liked Mr. Astaire's wafer-thin gold Patek Philippe wristwatch, which had been carefully placed atop a black alligator Mark Cross billfold on the bedtable. When it comes to your average billfold, we can take it or leave it, but since this was Fred Astaire's billfold, we decided to take it, and we were glad we did, because inside, among other things, was two hundred and forty dollars in crisp new twenty-dollar bills. As if Fred Astaire would be caught carrying rumpled old currency around!

Down on the street again, we decided we liked Mr. Astaire's billfold just as much as we liked his watch, the way he sleeps, and Mr. Astaire himself.

U.N. Me, Babe

LAST Wednesday morning at the United Nations General Assembly, Resolution #A648 was signed, unseating the Israeli delegation and replacing it with a group from the Palestine Liberation Organization, who would henceforth represent "all residents of the territories hitherto erroneously referred to as the sovereign state of Israel."

After the signing, we overheard the following conversation between two U.N. ambassadors:

"Let's e-e-e-eat lu-lu-lunch. We p-p-p-put in a b-b-big mo-mo-morning."

"Well, that's very easy for you to say."



Pillow Talk

THE first thing to do before entering the famous Manhattan Hotel on Seventh Avenue, we were solemnly informed by its doorman, is to transfer your money from your hip pocket to your front pocket. "Do not stuff your money into your shoe," admonishes the elegantly-liveried Mr. Hamilton; "for whereas the common 'foist' will most likely accept frustration after soliciting an empty hip pocket, the more determined and temperamental 'hitter'—the one who carries a gun—is generally too impatient to wait for his 'mark' to toe off his Oxford, and typically opens fire at any unexpected gesture."

With this point well taken, we were guided by the miscellaneous odor of recycled alcohol and *hors d'oeuvres* to the Manhattan's magisterial Final Curtain Cocktail Lounge, where, in the intimate glow of vermilion neon on polyethylene palm leaves, pass continually the moguls and tyros of the contemporary Times Square set. As we expected, we were immediately saluted by our old friend, Detective Alfred Infantino of Vice, Gambling & Pornography, who was wreathed in a smile so bright it fairly reflected from the shiny tips of his \$86 Bally-of-Italy shoes. "Oh, it's a bumper year all around for this industry," he exulted confidentially. "The Recession may be putting the marks out of work, but what little they've got left, they're handing it over to our people like it burned them."

AFTER further pleasantries, we were introduced to one of the Detective's latest *ingenues*, a willowy young trace of *café au lait* decked out in nostalgic *apres-mini* scarlet hot pants and jeroboam-sized blue suede purse, named Honeycakes Sayer. We inquired if the improved profits inspired by the crunch had filtered down to her level yet? "Listen," she articulated through a virtual occlusion of Juicy Fruit, "I got no time for honky-talk. You wanna go out?" Was she attached to a recognized *salon*, or was she merely paying court to Vice, Gambling & Pornography? "You talk too much, you know that? You goin' out or ain'tcha?"

So out we went, or rather up two floors, to her studio, a utilitarian alcove evoking the last scene of *Days of Wine and Roses*, and eerily redolent of—what was it?—rubbing alcohol? Ah no, it all became clear when she fished into her ten-gallon purse, extracted a cylinder of grey aluminum, and carved it deftly open with one sanguineous fingernail: *eau de Fourx*, that curious amniotic premoistening solution. "Lay down."

FROM here it was all monosyllables: "Head, right? Ten bucks. Five more for the room. Open up. Here. You put it on. Ik. Pfu. Tastes shit. Mumph. There. Done? Right." (*A knock on the door.*) "Stay here, I'll see who it is. Ham? That you, Ham? No, man, I'm not hooking again. I'm not, really, Ham honey, I'm all alone. I'll let you in, just a minute. Hey you, honky, get in the closet. Get

in there, turkey, you'll get us *killed*. It'll just be a minute. No man, don't take your clothes, just get in there. *Now!* Okay, Ham, honey, c'mon in."

She left with Mr. Hamilton, and the contents of our pockets. But our Cartier cufflinks were still in our shirt (we had been wearing it), and thankfully, Ham, a sizable specimen of livery, had no use for our size ten oxfords. Our friend Detective Infantino thanked us volubly as we left: "I try to take care of my girls," he explained. "This isn't a charity industry, but I do my best."

Grandma's House

RUMMAGING through our top drawer the other day, we came upon a knitted pair of left-handed mittens, and realized with a start that we had not seen our grandmother in an age. With almost no effort, we recalled that some years ago, she had been transferred from the cramped quarters of her farm in Connecticut, and installed in the peaceful bosom of the Shin-Bet Nursing Home on upper West End Avenue.

Shin-Bet occupies some dozen floors of one of those unpleasant yet irreplaceable buildings which date from the days when the West Side was the financial nexus of the city, rather than, as now, merely the progressive.

Happily, in these straitened times, the home does not skimp on security. The doorman, severely dressed in coveralls and a handkerchief, told us to go away,

as did the elevator operator, the janitor, and a Miss Gertrude Baum in the frosted-glass and steel-paneled reception cubicle. Miss Baum added, after some ninety minutes of scrutiny and questioning, that our grandmama was dead. A brief mental rattle through the obituary pages of the *Times* led us to the opposite conclusion, and with what seemed to be a struggle against her better judgment, Miss Baum let us in.

Our new friend satisfied herself that we were not bearing any



"For the love of God, please help me. I think my friend is dead."

unsuitable gifts, such as cameras or tape recorders, and led us past a series of dark green doors. Over each was a flashing light and the sign "Do Not Enter—Surgery in Progress." Our confidence in Shin-Bet rose. At the end of the corridor was a steel and glass barrier, beyond which could be heard the sound of senior voices raised in revelry, and through which Miss Baum disappeared. It was watched over by a large orderly named Washington, with whom we got onto the subject of working at the home. "It's O.K.," he allowed, "except when the stiffs get uppity." What, we asked, happened then? "They get set up," he replied with a grin, "or spiked."

Three times Miss Baum returned, and three times we asked her to look further. On the fourth try, she appeared, wreathed in smiles. "You mustn't be surprised if your grandmother's changed," she said. "People sometimes develop new personalities."

Grandmama had indeed changed. She was wearing trousers and an undershirt and what looked like a wig. We asked her if she missed the farm and thanked her for the mittens. "What farm?" she said. "What mittens?" We explained about the farm and the mittens. "Give me a cigarette," yelled Grandmama, tearing off her wig. Grandmama certainly had lost her inhibitions, not to mention her hair. We said as much. "Your ass," she replied.

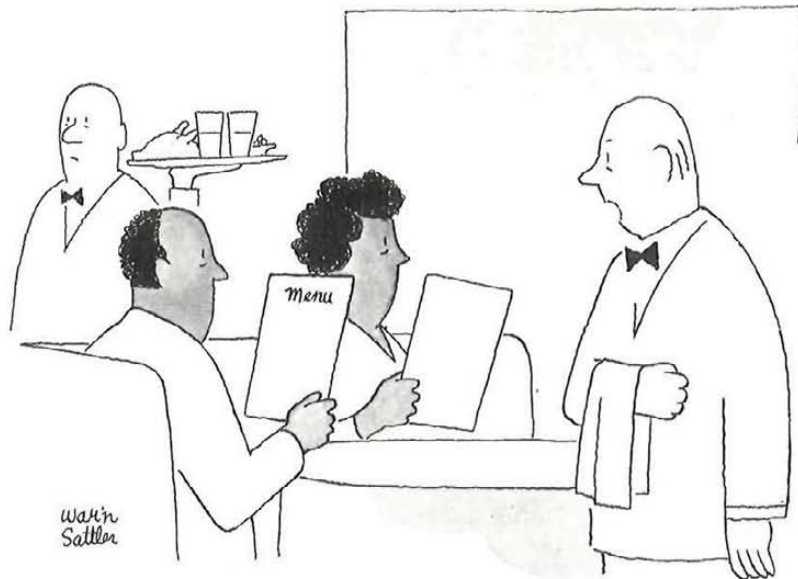
"Just one of her little jokes," chipped in the lady of the gate. "She's the life and soul of the seventh floor." We smiled fondly at Grandmama, who was getting quite noisy about the Battle of the Somme.

"Time for your sleep, Fred," said our friend to our ancestor.

"Up yours, beanbag," said Grandmama, in a splendid spirit of defiance. "Gimme back my teeth."

Shop Talk

AT the Brooks Brothers' Madison Avenue address we found no garish signs in the window, only the familiar husky and headless tweed torsos which, legend has it, come to life each All Hallow's Eve at the stroke of twelve, and throw one heckuva board meeting. Inside, we were greeted by a graying Warner Oland look-alike who proved to be a perfectly nice man named Mr. Campbell. He showed us his selection of English striped silk and



"We're all out of food. Scram."

polyester rep neckties, now \$6.95 to \$7.50. A fine selection they were indeed, our eye particularly held by his array of solid-color foulards-with-the-little-things-embroidered-on-them. Sporting motifs mostly, plus little bulls and bears and crossed automatic pencils. Mr. Campbell was especially enthusiastic about a tie with little neckties on it, which, frankly, gave us the willies.

Our salesman excused himself to get more patterns; more seductive, however, were the solid colors, and we selected a brace of them, one off-burgundy and the other a deep maize, and not wishing to trouble Mr. Campbell further with wrapping and sales slips, briskly pocketed them and headed for the shoe department. Here we would find a wide assortment of those shoes-with-the-little-holes-all-over-the-toes at, if not next to cost, certainly something closer to our Fayva budgets than normal.

THE shoe department proved disappointing; someone had already cleaned out the shoes-with-the-little-holes, leaving only odd sizes behind, and we had to content ourselves with replacements for our worn, adhesive-mended Weejuns (which we left in a drastically reduced Cold Duck cooler/ice bucket).

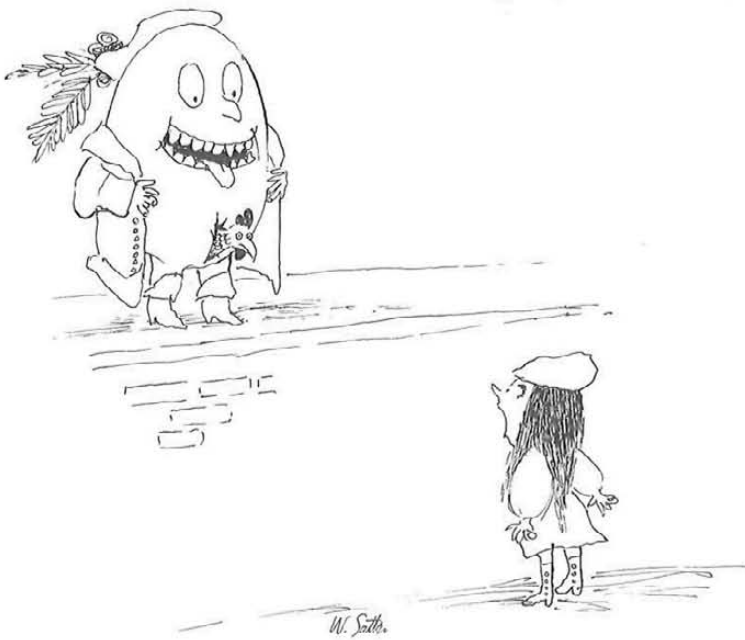
Better luck on the fourth floor: luggage and ready-to-block hats in seductively vague beiges and pommy grays. We picked up a nice set of matching English leather carry-alls and, deploy-

ing ourselves at either aisle end to watch for floorwalkers, stuffed them full of headgear to be blocked at home with the wonderful Abercrombie & Fitch Home Hatblocker received from Aunt Eleanor in lieu of our usual Old Spice gift pack assortment (we still don't know how much she got when Uncle Rudolf's insurance finally came through—and they're still pretty suspicious about that second set of tire tracks—but mum bets it was a bundle).

Sportswear proved equally fruitful. Wool tweed sports jackets normally \$115 to \$235 were now a low-low \$92 and \$188, and considering what the same money buys some poor yid up the Avenue at Paul Stuart, these fine Shetlands and lambswools would have been a steal at twice the price.

After selecting a rich rust number from the rack, we picked up a super double-breasted camel's hair overcoat reduced to \$299 and headed for the third floor dressing rooms to try them on, along with some nifty blue oxford Brooksflannel pajamas and a dozen pairs of Brooksknit undershorts which fit neatly, if a bit snugly, under the tan whipcord cavalry-twill trousers which we temporarily cuffed with straight pins from those terrific Brooks button-downs.

SUDDENLY feeling a bit warm. We decided to skip Sportshirts and Knits and proceed to the last stop of the day: those white Irish linen handkerchiefs whose handrolled softness so reassuringly bulks out a new



parently so engrossed in the conversation that he neglected to stand. Soon he was sitting in a fair-sized puddle, gesturing vigorously.

We interrupted his monologue to show him the note we had found under the desk. He studied it with interest, then placed it in his mouth. The next thing we knew, the note, along with a fair quantity of Mr. Purna's mucus, had landed square on our lapel. About that time, three young men toting a bright orange gasoline can rounded the corner. We saw they had business with Mr. Purna, and wished him a good afternoon.

Talk is Cheap

AS the clock on the wall struck five-thirty, we crossed our final t, and decided to take ourselves downstairs to Eddie's to renew our acquaintance with our old friend John Barleycorn.

We slid gratefully into the overstuffed armchairs which make Eddie's the place to unwind after a "hard day at the office." A wave of our hand to Eddie, who had once gone one minute thirty seconds with Sugar Ray Robinson at the Garden, soon produced the "ticket"—a pitcher of stingers and five little bowls of our friend Mr. Peanut's finest dry roasts.

After several more "rounds," as the ex-pugilist proprietor liked to call them, we felt our muscles relax and grow loose. At this point, a gentleman at the next table suggested that our tongues were keeping pace with our muscles, and recommended that we shut up. Emboldened by the cups of cheer which we had quaffed, we waved at him gaily, told him to sit on a pickle, and ordered up a half dozen martinis. The drinks came straight up, a position we had had more than a little trouble assuming when we requested them, and after dispatching them briskly, our talk turned to a subject which often preoccupied us at this time of evening—our employer and editor, Mr. William Shawn.

WHY, we wondered aloud, did Mr. Shawn, who had a reputation for being a fair and generous man, insist that our gemlike little pieces appear in his magazine sans signature? Could it perhaps be because an author whose name was familiar to the public might be in a position to demand compensation somewhat more reasonable

camel hair's ample pockets.

On our way out, we encountered our friend Mr. Campbell again. He seemed disappointed that we had not waited, so we paused a moment to admire a fine silk four-in-hand peppered with little embroidery necktie salesmen. As he turned to answer another shopper's query, we impulsively stuffed it in our jacket and hastily rebuttoned our overcoat.

"You should see the ties we've got coming next month," Mr. Campbell whispered with a conspiratorial wink upon returning. "Women. Nothing indecent or anything like that. Just famous ones like Jacqueline Onassis and Mrs. Angier Biddle Duke. Real doozies."

We thanked Mr. Campbell for the tip and headed casually for the exit. Once outside we found the crisp March air a tonic after the stuffy atmosphere within and, much refreshed, decided to skip lunch and see what looked good at Saks.

Bum's Rush

THE hand-lettered invitation that turned up under our desk the other day read:

HELP
(signed) PUNK

and we couldn't resist. The punk in question was our old Bowery friend, Mr. Punk Purna. Whenever we get a

note like that, we know he has something special up his well-tattered sleeve. We canceled all appointments, slipped the aerosol mace into our pocket, and hopped a cab down to lower Third Avenue.

Before we knew it, we ran into Mr. Purna. Indeed, our Checker and Mr. Purna collided—sharply—as he was attempting to give our windshield a spit-and-polish shine with his colorful rag. The cab left before we had time to pay the fare, and we found ourselves escorting Mr. Purna, who had apparently suffered a slight spinal fracture, to the sidewalk. We propped our friend against a hydrant, made ourself comfortable, and asked him what was up.

"Mmmmmph!" he began, lunging for a pint container of Tiger Rose which had slipped from his pocket. We watched as he quaffed it enthusiastically, a good deal winding up on his lap. "Aaaaaaaaarrhh! Skuuuhhh!" exclaimed Mr. Purna. "Mmmmhuh. Them suckin did puke got no time for them got what the hunh, cocksucker." You hear that sort of thing a lot these days, but when Punk says it, you know he means every word.

We inquired about his windshield buffing business. By way of an answer, he produced eighteen cents and three cribbage pegs—one black, two metallic—apparently collected earlier that day. "Faaarh. Runhh, comin no bastard some gimme fuckin' cock wha." We noted that Mr. Purna had opened his trousers and was relieving himself, ap-

than the slave wages we were currently receiving?! Could it perhaps be because Mr. Shawn was in fact a penny-pinching, double-dealing son-of-a-bitch? We honestly weren't sure, but since we had apparently advanced the possibility in a loud voice while standing on our chair, Eddie walked over and suggested that we continue our considerations elsewhere. We promised Eddie that we'd behave and tried to order a pitcher of old-fashioned, but Eddie was adamant, and before we knew it, we'd been thrown out onto Forty-third Street.

Rather than risk provoking the wrath of any of our other favorite bar-keeps, we purchased a bottle of our own, and retired to our offices, to confront Buccaneer Bill himself with our dilemma. Whiskey in hand, we poured gleefully out of the elevator and rushed down the hall to our Editor's private lair. Hooting like banshees in the hopes of disturbing his usually unflappable composure, we kicked open the door to his office and found him—gone! We speculated that Old Slyboots had hidden himself in order to avoid our righteous wrath, and we had just begun a thorough search of his digs

when we heard the grandfather clock in the corner strike twelve. We cursed our miscalculation, for we realized instantly of course that we had missed our man by some six or seven hours.

Throwing our feet up on his Chippendale desk and opening a box of his Cuban panetellas, we settled back to decide on an appropriate course of ac-

tion. After several pulls at our bottle, we determined that our visit should not be a total loss, and after switching all the papers in his *out* box to his *in* box and crushing our cigars out on his oriental rug, we sang three choruses of "Mussolini Bit His Weenie" into his dictaphone and ran out of his office giggling at our cleverness.

INVOCATION

Upon my soul, neat as a photo album
Of shore summers and stark urban peregrinations,
Descend, Muse of Gentility, and in lines
That never reach the margin
And occasionally rhyme,
Inspire me to sexless dithyrambs.

I could use a little irony, to offset
The perhaps self-indulgent style of that last stanza,
Maybe a metaphor right at the end,
A punch line almost, that makes the whole thing
Universal, and yet in a way personal, and please,
Help me find a place to use that lovely word
I came across in the dictionary while doing the *Times*
Crossword puzzle.

—MARION ST. VINCENT JAVITTS



"Well, if you can't find the goddamn things, we'll just have to use the thumb of your catcher's mitt again."



Paula Abdul
Spellbound
(Virgin) 73320

Van Halen: For Unlawful Carnal Knowledge (Warner Bros.) 10016
 Boyz II Men: Cooleyhighharmony (Motown) 10930
 Peter Gabriel: Shaking The Tree-16 Golden Greats (Geffen) 11089
 Joe Jackson: Laughter & Lust (Virgin) 64269
 Chris Isaak: Heart Shaped World (Reprise) 73735
 Kraftwerk: The Mix (Elektra) 54373
 Thelma & Louise/ Sdtrk. (MCA) 11146
 Francesca Beghè (SBK) 11119
 The Farm: Spartacus (Reprise/Sire) 14672
 Faith No More: The Real Thing (Reprise) 63719
 Amani A. W. Murray (GRP) 03669
 Don Henley: The End Of The Innocence (Geffen) 01064
 Neil Young: Ragged Glory (Reprise) 34621
 Dirty Dancing/Sdtrk. (RCA) 82522
 Best Of Robert Palmer: Addictions (Island) 10819
 Metallica: ...And Justice For All (Elektra) 00478
 Sinéad O'Connor: I Haven't Not Want What I Haven't Got (Chrysalis) 33512
 Koolhae Dee: Funkie Funke Wisdom (Jive) 44195
 Black Box: Dreamland (RCA) 84063
 Rick Astley: Free (RCA) 53656
 Bell Biv DeVoe: Poison (MCA) 00547
 James Taylor: Greatest Hits (Reprise) 23790
 Bob Marley: Legend (Island) 53521
 Styx: Edge Of The Century (A&M) 74498
 Diana Ross & The Supremes: 20 Greatest Hits (Motown) 63867*
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BBHE7 CP

The Other Day

THE other day, we went to visit a friend of ours who is a psychiatrist. He has an office in a building on Park Avenue in the nineties, just south of 96th Street, "the D.M.Z.," as he calls it, because Spanish Harlem begins there. Arriving a few minutes early, we sat down in a standard-looking waiting room and instinctively picked up an old copy of the *National Geographic*. We were just getting interested in an amusing-looking piece entitled "Burma—Mysterious Land of Rubber and Magic" when our friend emerged. He was ushering a brown-haired, youngish-looking girl towards the door. She had obviously been crying, and her wrists looked like they were smiling. "I mustn't suppress," she said uncertainly. "That's it, isn't it?"

Our friend produced a noncommittal affirmative of some sort, and with a firm gesture that must have come from

years of practice, opened the door, propelled the young lady through it, made a gesture of salutation, and closed the door again, all in the space of five seconds. "This has been one of those days," he said, as we went into his office. "Sometimes I think I should just give them all loaded pistols and tell them to you-know-what or get off the pot."

HIS office was a more expensive version of the studio backdrop they use for television patent medicine ads, in which a man who is no longer allowed to dress like a doctor half sits on the edge of a desk in front of a bookshelf full of *Reader's Digest Condensed Books* and busts of demised greats, takes off his glasses in a very doctorish kind of way, and speaks frankly about afflictions in parts of your body that a more tasteful Creator would not have included in His Plan.

"Well," he said, as he settled into a swivel chair behind a desk that fell

just short of the surface area required to qualify it for admission to the United Nations, "how are you *all*?" We said that we were fine, and plumped ourselves down, a bit nervously, on the very edge of his tufted, black leather couch.


"Schizophrenia is an interesting thing," he said, his hands automatically forming into a sort of finger Rorschach, which looked to us like two daddy longlegs spiders toe-to-toe, or perhaps one on a mirror, an observation we thought better not to mention. "It's far more common than most people realize. Perhaps it is a need for anonymity and self-effacement, for a reduction in the force of our identities, for a little internal company for our misery, a need to share the blame with ourselves, that leads us to retreat into a polypersonal way of being and thinking. You know, I've always had a theory that writers who use pen names are definitely schizoid, as are those, I think, who use the editorial *we*."

We found ourselves reclining on the couch without a very clear recollection of how we got from a sitting position to one more recumbent in nature. "Are most of your patients schizoid?" we asked a little nervously.

"Oh, easily half," he said. "Actually, schizophrenia usually comes with something else." He made it sound like a sandwich that would naturally arrive with a side order. "My most interesting case is that of a man with a triple personality, a Napoleon complex, and advance paranoia. He thinks he is the First Triumvirate—and that Cato is plotting to have all three of him murdered by thugs in the Forum."

We asked him what the cure, if any, for schizophrenia was. "In most cases," he said, "the only certain cure is electroconvulsive therapy, what is popularly known as electroshock treatment. Anywhere from eight to fourteen severe electrical impulses are sent directly into the brain of the disturbed individual. No one is quite sure why it works, but it does. Of course, there is usually some memory loss and disorientation, but that's a small price to pay for normality, isn't it?"

We had the feeling that we were being looked at, and quickly gauging the distance between ourselves and the nearest wall socket, we got up, invented an appointment, and after bidding our friend farewell, we put on our hats and coats, went out the doors, and walking briskly, headed down Park Avenue and into the cold nights.



"It was that noise he kept making. That 'Cccaaaaaahhhkkk, cccaaaaaahhhkkk' noise he kept making with his throat. It was driving me crazy. And it was driving you crazy, too, wasn't it, Brennan?"

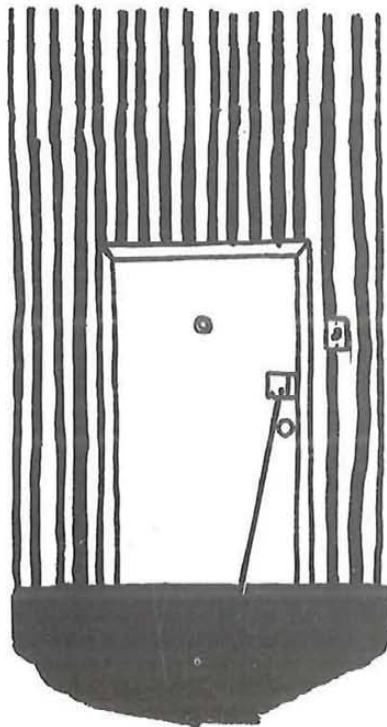
EAVES TROUGHS

AT approximately six thirty-two on the crisp morning of March 14, 1953, a Wednesday, a twenty-eight-year-old Harvard Business School graduate and casual collector of stones, pebbles, sea shells, and fossils, Loring H. (for Hargreaves, the name of his maternal grandfather, now deceased) Humboldt, dressed in an old gray-green tweed jacket, slate-colored slacks, a light blue button-down Oxford cloth shirt, silk four-inch hand necktie featuring tiny gray scarabs in a small pattern on a maroon background, black calf-length socks, and brown, moccasin-style loafers, parked his six-year-old Studebaker Champion coupé, purchased in used condition the previous summer for four hundred dollars cash from an elderly Flushing, New York widow named Mrs. Bea Havemeyer, and finished in a nondescript beige color with grey upholstery, blackwall Firestone tires, and a small ding on the left rear fender just over the wheel well where Humboldt had backed into a fire hydrant while trying to locate parking space during a visit to the home of his parents in Melrose, Massachusetts, about thirteen and a half miles from the Boston city limits, the previous July 12, a Tuesday, noticed out of the corner of his eye that the hanging metal sign about ten feet away read "No Parking, 9 A.M. to 3 P.M.," realized he was well within the law, since the small Westclox pocket watch he always carried in his right jacket pocket and which had been given him as a gift in 1951 by his Uncle Ben, a lawyer who played varsity football at Rutgers and now spent most of his spare time bird-watching after the sudden death in 1952, by a myocardial infarction, of his wife of thirty-seven years and four months, Grace, whose family had moved in 1917 from Portland, Oregon to Lynn, Massachusetts, where she had met Ben Sullivan, then a struggling small-claims lawyer, showed the time to be not quite seven o'clock—something of a surprise to young Humboldt, who had set out an hour earlier in the Studebaker from his small but cozy two-room apartment at 362 Runciman Street in Wellfleet, Massachusetts, a small town whose origins dated back to the Puritan Colony of 1653, but which had come down in the world from its giddy days

as a major whaling and shipbuilding center and now functioned as a sleepy suburb, indistinguishable except to residents from a dozen similar communities radiating out in all directions from the city of Boston; a town of white clapboard that was slowly yielding, even in 1953, to the ersatz Colonial style of A&P supermarkets and Pancake House restaurants, and assumed from past experience in making the drive that he would arrive no earlier than six forty-five, or perhaps even seven, since a considerable section of the highway he normally traveled, Route 86, believing it to be the most direct route and infinitely better for a man in a hurry than the old Route 7, with its forty-two stoplights and notoriously poor grading on curves, a legacy of its having been one of Massachusetts' earliest paved north-south routes, was currently under the ax, or more accurately the steamshovel, the State in its wisdom having let a contract six months previous for road widening and repaving, part of a major ten million dollar Massachusetts highway improvement program passed through the State Legislature in December, 1951, on a unanimous vote (although the ensuing two years found only six and one-half miles of road

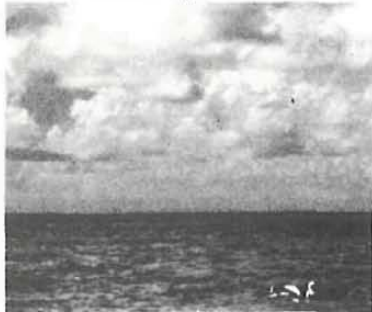
actually "improved" and the Massachusetts State Department of Highways receiving ever-increasing condemnation from newspaper editorials, the Republican opposition, and the kind of perpetually angry Massachusetts *doyenne* who writes to her State Senator complaining about such things), making Humboldt, normally cautious to a fault, wonder briefly if, in his haste, he had not exceeded the legal speed limit of sixty miles per hour (fifty miles per hour for trucks) during the run from Wellfleet, thus reducing the time he had traveled; or, the thought skipped across his mind, perhaps his watch was again acting up, as it had done a few months ago when he found himself late for an important luncheon appointment in Lowell, Massachusetts, sixteen miles northeast of the city of Boston, although he had made doubly sure of his punctuality, of which he was uncommonly proud and which had been drilled into him in youth by his late Uncle Frank, a former Marine Corps major, who after his retirement from the Corps in 1949 on a medical, or "D-4" basis, had moved to Hingham, Massachusetts, forty-four miles west of Boston, where he bought a home and spent much of his time reading *National Geographic* magazines on his front porch, or, during the hard New England winter months when a man could quickly freeze to death sitting outdoors unless bundled up in parka, earmuffs, thick sealskin boots, and woolen mittens, in his forty-six by sixty-one-foot living room, where the house's previous owner, a Swede, had installed an oil heater some twenty years before, and taken a great interest in his nephew Loring; but perhaps he had, after all, simply driven a bit faster than usual this morning, inspired by a remarkably bright sunrise and the buoyant sense of nature stirring that always made March, for him, a favorite month, perhaps not so stimulating to a young man as June or July, when tennis was beginning to reach that easy, rocking pace after the jerky fumbling of spring, but nonetheless a time of year when the Loring Humboldts of the world could luxuriate in the long and almost impossibly exciting prospects ahead, and then saw something that made him stop dead in his tracks.

(This is the first of a six-part profile.)

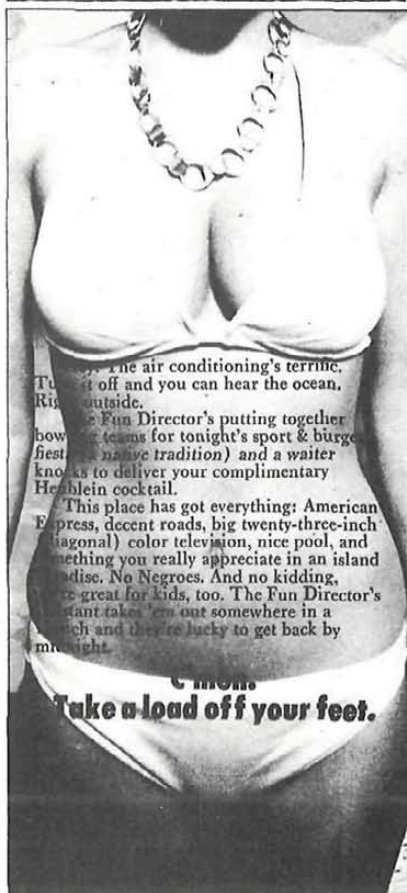


LETTER FROM SCOTLAND

Arooga:
Where
the ocean
meets the sea.



Arooga is many things to many people. To the young honeymooner, it's a tiny island with tiny prices. To the retired fun-seeker, it's a world of heart-stopping adventure. And to the amateur seismologist, it's a treasure trove of Caribbean mystery. Because Arooga is different than any other island in the travel folders. Arooga costs half as much as the others. And no other island has natives half as eager to please. Arooga is special. Because of its romantic volcanic origin, Arooga spends half the day under the blue Pacific, and so do you: spearfishing, snorkling, scuba diving, and lifeboating.



The air conditioning's terrific. Turn it off and you can hear the ocean. Right outside.

The Fun Director's putting together how the teens for tonight's sport & burge- fest (a native tradition) and a waiter knows to deliver your complimentary Heublein cocktail.

This place has got everything: American Express, decent roads, big twenty-three-inch (agonal) color television, nice pool, and something you really appreciate in an island paradise. No Negroes. And no kidding, it's great for kids, too. The Fun Director's assistant takes you out somewhere in a beach and they're lucky to get back by midnight.

Take a load off your feet.

NOTHING could have been more welcome in these gloomy times of inflation and unemployment than a visit from Marcel Marceau, generally acknowledged as the world's greatest mime. Mr. Marceau, or Fafa, as his friends call him, is making a nationwide tour on behalf of his new Schools of Mime, which will take him from Glasgow to the Hebrides to John O' Groats, our northernmost town. The schools are operated as franchises, which are granted to those who possess the requisite capital (\$112). For this, the school owner receives the official Marcel Marceau franchise, which includes the Marcel Marceau School nameplate, a pair of mime leotards boldly emblazoned with *MMs*, and a two-volume set of Marcel Marceau long-playing records. The actual space for the schools must be provided by the franchisee. While the school nameplate and the leotards are handsome and the mime records are useful, Marceau readily acknowledges that they are not worth \$112.

"You are paying for the right to use my name," he said. "To me, that is worth at least \$81.75 out of the \$112. I figure that the leotards retail at \$7.75, the records at \$10, and the plastic school nameplate at about \$12.50. That leaves \$81.75, which I really think is an excellent price for the prestige value of getting the name Marcel Marceau for your mime school."

Mr. Marceau is gambling that Scotsmen and women will take to his venture, despite the spectre of gloom that hangs over the economy. He travels in a large lorry filled with his school supplies, and stops at every town, no matter how small. A public address system is built into the lorry, and Marceau announces that he will make a public appearance and perform at the town auditorium or public square or whatever area is most suitable for a large crowd to gather. Although many Scots have never heard of him, his bright orange and black lorry with the school name on it attracts a pretty fair amount of attention. Besides, Marceau does not charge for these performances, since they are part of his presentation to the public of his franchise plan.

His appearance in Altnaharra, a

town in the far north, was typical of his tour. About thirty townspeople showed up to see Marceau open his presentation with a four-hour performance called "The History of Mime, from Egyptian Times to the Present." Marceau had recently broken his leg in a mountain climbing accident, but still managed to perform adequately with the leg in a full cast. He did his classic pieces, "Man walking up a staircase," and "Man walking up a staircase against the wind," which were received fairly well. He closed the program with his new number, "Calisthenics," perhaps the finest, purest example of his art—a forty-five-minute set of rigorous exercises, including push-ups, sit-ups, and a beautiful cartwheel to bring the piece to a close.

While his audience is still entranced by the stunning beauty of his "Calisthenics" piece, Marceau begins his sales talk for the mime school franchises. In his charming Gallicized English, he explains how easy it is to be a mime, how everyone is born a natural mime, and can use this talent for both fun and profit. He reminds the audience that a mime school can be set up just about anywhere—no special equipment is needed. It is a strong and persuasive sales pitch that seems to interest a good number of the townspeople until Marceau reveals the price for one of his franchises. At this point, the legendary Scottish respect for money takes over and Marceau must either fold his tent and leave gracefully or try to make special deals and concessions. He admits that his only sales so far have been to slightly deranged widows and a few gentlemen of dubious sexual affiliation, but to be sure, he has not covered the cosmopolitan cities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, and Aberdeen. He also anticipates eventual success in the oil-rich towns of the North Sea, and so far, is not discouraged by his reception in the rural areas.

It is difficult to predict how well Marceau's mime school franchise plan will fare, but one thing is certain—he is definitely a most providential attraction for the Scotsman—a man who will attend any kind of show, whether he understands it or not, as long as it's free.

— HARRY LAUDER

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FOOD & TRACK

MARCH 1982

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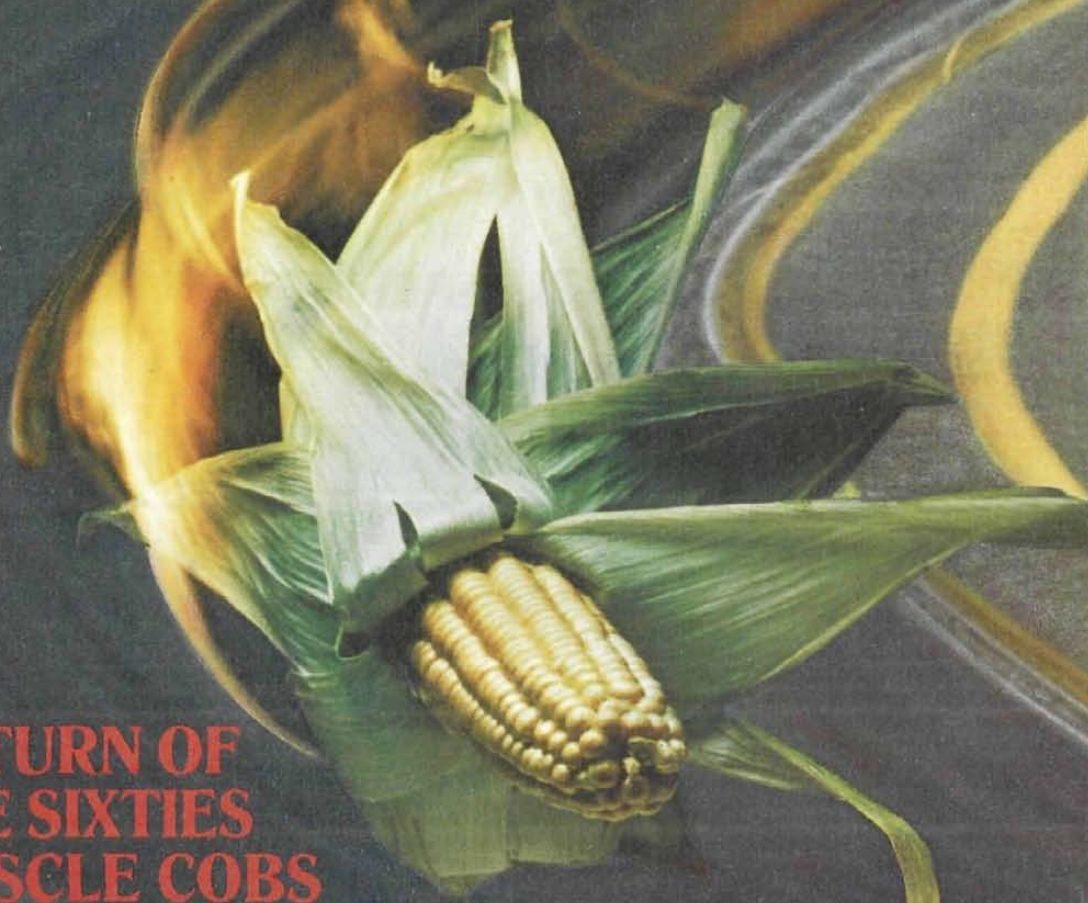
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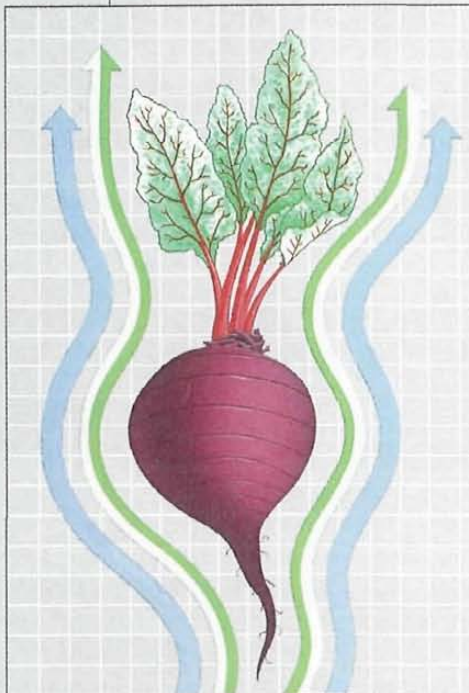
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WITH THE
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Food & Track

March 1982

Volume 33, Number 7

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Editor in Chief: BUD CARROLL

Art Director: HERB CARROLL

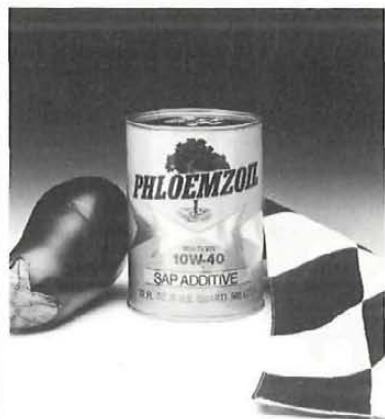
Publisher: LEIF CARROLL

Melon Desk: ORGANELLE PLASMOLYSIS NECTARINE CARROLL-JONES

All testing and analyses presented in this magazine have been carried out under conditions of strict impartiality and with completeness and thoroughness in every detail. Asparagus, for example, is not given a mere one-time launching down a stretch of pavement, like a shot put. Rather, we throw it over and over again, dozens of times, as directed by our comprehensive testing unit of almost fifteen guys, some of them enormous, powerful creatures with arms like Goose Gossage's, and others weak and stringy sorts propending to the more ingenious and sinister methods associated with persons whose physical inadequacies require them to fend with their minds. Accordingly, the asparagus is tested in all manners—sometimes directly, linearly, at one hundred miles an hour into concrete barriers; at other times, when the vegetable is twisted and splattered to a barely viscous, curdlike mass, the real puny, anemic guys with the highly developed yet sick brains load the ropy, mucoid remains into a galvanized pipe, which they've made into a cannon by packing its lower end with potassium nitrate, and subsequently blow the asparagus to vapor. This is what we call our concept of total testing; when *Food & Track* tests something, we test the living shit out of it. This is our pledge to you: total testing—a thoroughly impartial, balls-out, obliterative surge of wild, irresistible testing madness. Foodomotive Publications, Box 3330, Coconut Grove, Florida.



Anguished Le Floret after Indy pith fire puts him out of the race.



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XXXII Belgian Grand Prix Fixe

Fastest menu ever marked by early crash and sensational finish

BY P. CARROLL

ONCE AGAIN the calipers on my front brakes seized up as I took the last gravelly turn into carbon-dioxide alley, with the result that De Phyllidia, of the Italian cauliflower team, bought a faceful of crushed rock, very nearly followed by crushed car, were it not for some desperation steering and my deflection by several dozen pallets of watermelons into a relatively harmless morass of rind, seeds, and red mush. It was going to be a rough day. De Phyllidia's crew had already lost its number-one plant, having blown three wrapper leaves during trials (his only backup cauliflower, held together virtually with twist ties, had Team Italia's chief botanist mumbling all morning about a shimmy in the aft curd). So I did my obsequious, cloying best to make amends with De Phyllidia. He hauled himself upright, raked me with those notorious savoy-leaf-spinach green eyes, and exposed an exceptionally luminous, smiling arrangement of teeth. "I am here to race cauliflower," he said. "Therefore, I will not get angry and throw my cauliflower at you, for the sake of the race." And race he did.

De Phyllidia's foremost challenge came from Petiole, of France, on a win streak since November, when the Orangerie withdrew its backing and Petiole was forced to join an inex-



Petiole's team had regrafted its Romaine-Chard from the roots up, but it wasn't enough.

perienced lettuce team from Lille. Somehow, the combination clicked; a formidable synergy developed between Petiole's radical "bad boy" style and the team's equally exotic twin-bud Romaine-Chard Supergrafter with toroidal leaf blades and whale-tail root bundle. Twenty-one successive victories were enough to convince not a few observers that the showdown with champion De Phyllidia in Belgium might be more of a contest than the latter could handle.

After an hour's delay brought on by the usual wrangling of officials over settings at the starting table, entry foods were finally arranged, and competitors took their places and, in traditional LeMans fashion, ran to their food and began to throw it down the track. Violent collisions involving a pear from America and several Brazilian mangoes marred the event early on; crews needed over half an hour to clean the scattered cellulose off the track; yet, despite

their efforts, pulp-slick turns prompted sometimes overly cautious officials to impose the lemon yellow flag for most of the day. Nevertheless, spectators got what they came to see—a hammer-down, no-holds-barred showdown between Mssrs. De Phyllidia and Petiole.

As Petiole stepped up to the final lap, his Romaine-Chard seemed on its last leaf. He'd been pushing incredibly hard, tossing it over 300 times for a total distance of 5.2 miles in three hours flat. "When I said I wanted a 'tossable' entry, I did not mean as a salad," Petiole barked to his crew. In the meantime, De Phyllidia's experience began to pay off. His slower pace and smoother, longer throws left his cauliflower in comparatively good condition. The only difficulty, a problem with the leaf jacket after a spinout on the twenty-eighth lap, was easily corrected with a new set of twist ties, allowing De Phyllidia to pull almost even with



Traditional Le Mans start, after an hour's delay over table settings.

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Petiole by the final lap. But the Frenchman kept pushing. Suddenly his Romaine-Chard began to waffle in midair. First a leaf blade separated, then its entire forechard quarterpanel flipped off and plunged limply to the track. The crowd rushed to the barriers as Petiole's lettuce began to spin out of control and the relentless De Phyllidia arced his cauliflower to within several feet of the eventual resting place of the major portion of Petiole's Romaine-Chard. But De Phyllidia's vegetable had momentum. Its powerful roll easily slung it past Petiole as the Frenchman struggled gamely to pry up the last appreciable strands of his entry—to no avail. De Phyllidia's bouncing, whirling cauliflower shot over the finish line and the race was history.

By any standard this was truly a magnificent performance, especially for a man who some



De Phyllidia hung tough. Fluid, long-range throws finally overwhelmed his hard-driving challenger.

thought was all through, including, I'm embarrassed to say, myself, earlier in the day, as my car was sliding toward him in carbon-dioxide alley. "I will still abstain from throwing a cauliflower at you," he said to me at the victory party, hoisting a peach brandy and smiling even larger than before. "Because I am not a food fighter," he shouted, "I am a food racer."

BELGIAN GRAND PRIX FIXE

Bruxelles Sproutway,
February 10, 1982

Thrower	Food	Throws
1. G. De Phyllidia	Cauliflower	263
2. L. Petiole	Romaine-Chard	310
3. H. Appleton	Chick-pea	280
4. L. Olivier	Apple	301
5. C. Berry	Jjoba Nut	302
6. C. Plummer	Wax Bean	307
7. S. Grapelli	Pumpkin	290
8. Melonie	Red Pepper	292
9. L. Bean	Passion Fruit	288
10. O. Bean	Onion	291

Average speed: (running/throwing) 12.30 mph
(record: 13.88 mph, Gamete De Phyllidia, Cauliflower, 1979)

Retirements: R. Leeks—cherry tomato, skin failure, 181 throws completed; B. Budd, P. Kale, A. Beatts—pear and mangoes, collision, 3 throws completed.

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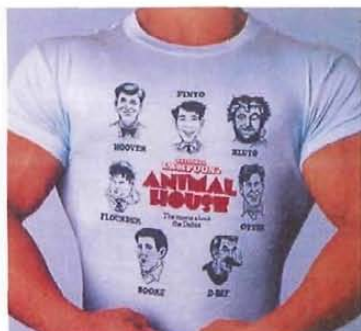
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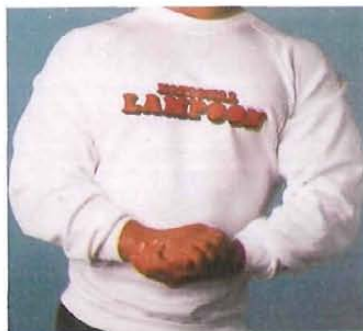
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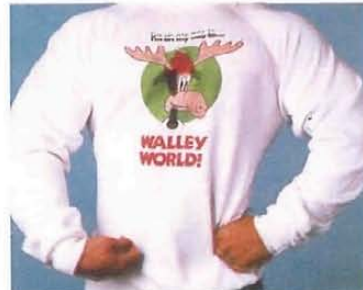
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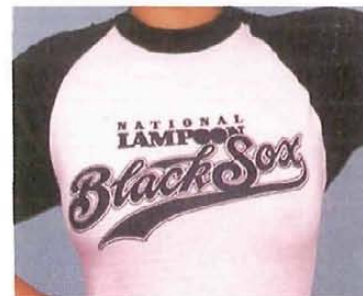
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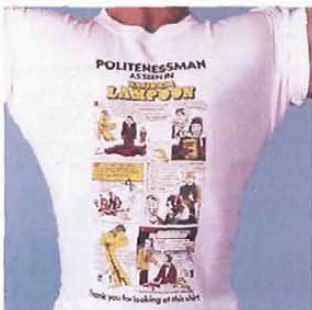
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—San Francisco Chronicle

(B) MANCHESTER, IOWA—To deter wandering in the halls, authorities at West Delaware High School required each student on his way to the bathroom to wear a toilet seat around his neck.

—Washington Post

(C) After an eighteen-month study, the British Academy of Science recommended to Parliament that British rock stars be prohibited from selling their semen to commercial sperm banks.

—UMKC University News

(D) A local citizen was arrested and charged with public indecency after he allegedly was observed placing his male organ in a jar of saw dressing at the local supermarket.

—Downers Grove (Illinois) Reporter



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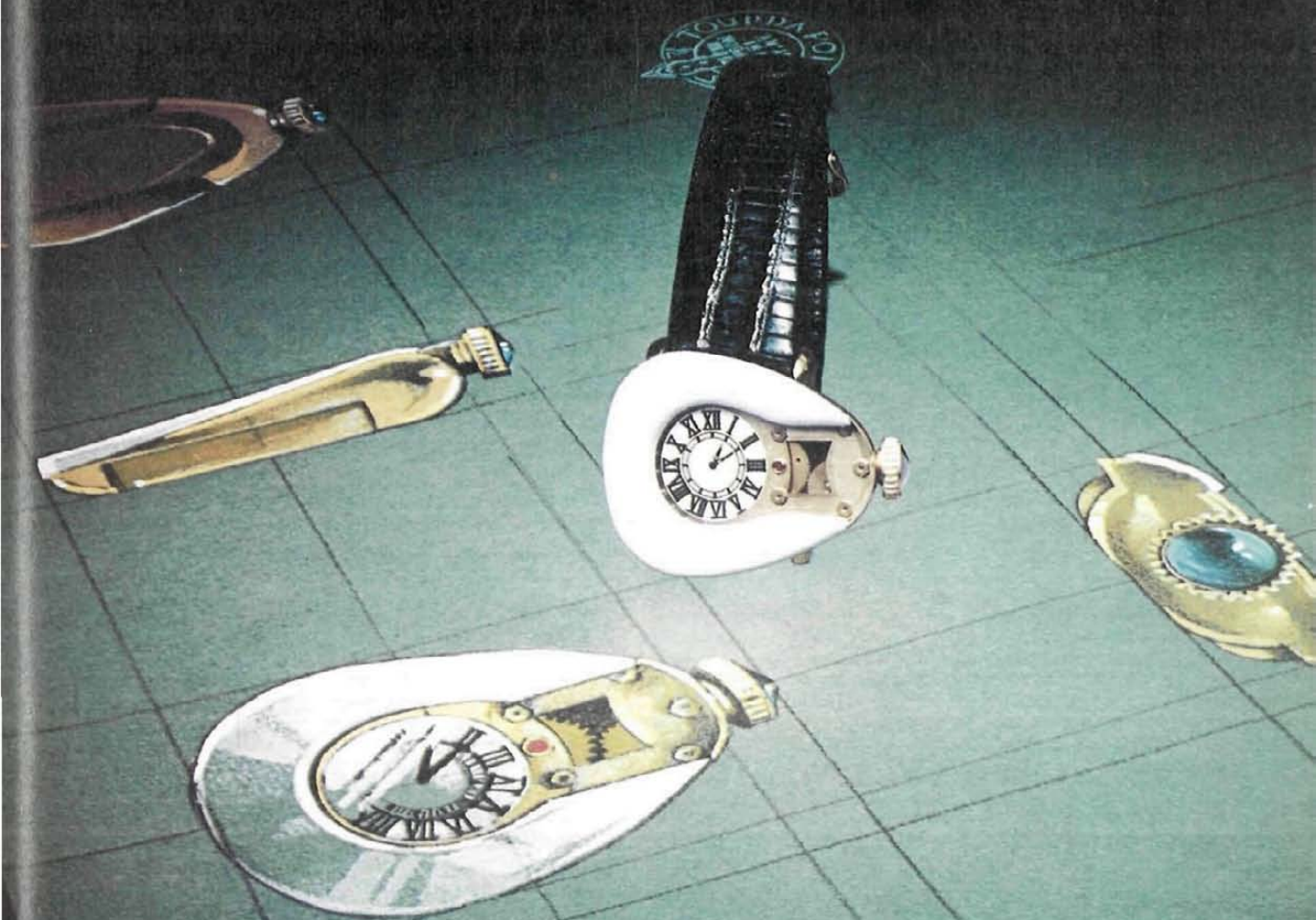
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Interview with FRAN LEBOWITZ

by Tony Perkins

FRAN LEBOWITZ has been called "the Dorothy Parker of the eighties, only not as funny," and "the closest thing we have to Oscar Wilde, except as regards writing." Her caustic wit and sardonic style have brought a whole new meaning to making fun of the obvious and the negligible.

I caught up with Fran as she was boarding a limousine that would take her to Elaine's, where she holds a weekly salon-type roundtable lunchtime discussion group. Joining her over a plate of Elaine's famous mediocre tortellini would be the likes of DAVID BRENNER, JOEY ADAMS, PHIL RIZZUTO, TONI TENILLE, and CHER—a veritable who's who of ha-ha.

TONY PERKINS: Hey, Fran—

FRAN LEBOWITZ: Fuck off, asshole. I'm late.

TONY: But I'm Tony Perkins, and I'd like to interview you—

FRAN: It has often occurred to me that the problem with interviews is primarily the situation wherein a conversation between equals is definitely not the case.

TONY: Huh?

FRAN: That's a witticism.

TONY: Oh. Uh-huh.

FRAN: Who do you work for? *Scientific American*?

TONY: Geez, Fran, I write for *Interlude*. They sent me to ask you about what's hip, and all.

FRAN: They sent you? To interview me?

TONY: Well, it's sort of a freelance thing, actually...

FRAN: In other words, you're some jerk trying to grab a free interview, which you'll sell to—

TONY: Aw, come on, Fran. You can talk to me for ten minutes, can't you? All I want to know is what's now, what's hip, what's trendy, what's where it's at.

FRAN: I have often concluded that the important thing to keep utmost in mind about trends is that they are definitely symptoms of a trend-conscious society. Faddishness is a big fad in this country—as opposed to the state of the situation that obtains in England, where there is no consciousness, or France, where there is no country. This is a point of view I definitely try to keep in mind when I sit in bed all day and smoke cigarettes and be ironically alienated.

TONY: Is that another witticism?

FRAN: Jesus.

TONY: Okay, yeah, but, like, what's trendy now, Fran? Sprinkling cocaine on *Frusen Gladje ice cream*? *Washing your hair in Mr. Clean*? *Dressing like a panda*?

FRAN: It is obvious that hair is important, especially to barbers. Ice cream is nothing more than yogurt on Thorazine. A panda is simply a raccoon that has undergone a transformation into the Incredible Hulk. Truly interesting people, of course, will never use the term "Incredible Hulk," since it implies to suggest a hulk that is credible—a position I definitely refrain from taking.

TONY: Yeah, that's real witty, and all, but come on, Fran. What's chic? If we want to feel superior to everybody else, what are we supposed to like, and do, and wear, and buy, and eat? You're supposed to know these things.

FRAN: Says who?

TONY: Well, your latest book [Mutual Benefit Fidelity Assurance Property and Life] has all this knowing analysis of the zany, kooky foibles of our wacky, kinky, kra-zee society.

FRAN: The primary point—
TONY: I mean, I always thought of you as the Erma Bombeck of Manhattan.

FRAN: The primary point, as I was saying, to remember in a truly interesting contemplation of the zaniness of society is that no picture is complete without Sony Walkmans, Brooke Shields, herpes, and—

TONY: Fran—

FRAN: —nouvelle cuisine. And listen, Tommy, I am not the Erma Bombeck of Manhattan. I am writing social criticism. I stay up until four in the morning working on this material. I wear old men's clothes and kill myself with coffee. I'm a writer, god damn it. This is intellectual art, scumbag.

TONY: Gee, Fran. I had no idea. But what is hip?

FRAN: You want to know what's hip? Being rich and famous. Lately I have discovered that my opinion of a person bears a direct corroboration with said person's level of famousness and richness.

TONY: So that's what we

have to do to be au courant? Be rich and famous?

FRAN: You got it.

TONY: But...how?

FRAN: Principally by becoming well-known and obtaining truly interesting amounts of money.

TONY: But, Fran, that's not a witticism. That's a tautology.

FRAN: Listen, Timmy, if I say it, it's a witticism. (*The limo pulls up to Elaine's.*) Watch. (*Fran opens the window. A young man is standing there, eager to see who is in the limo.*)

FRAN: Hey, kid, c'mere.

YOUNG MAN: Hey, you're... what's her name...

FRAN: Right.

YOUNG MAN: *Twyla Tharp!*

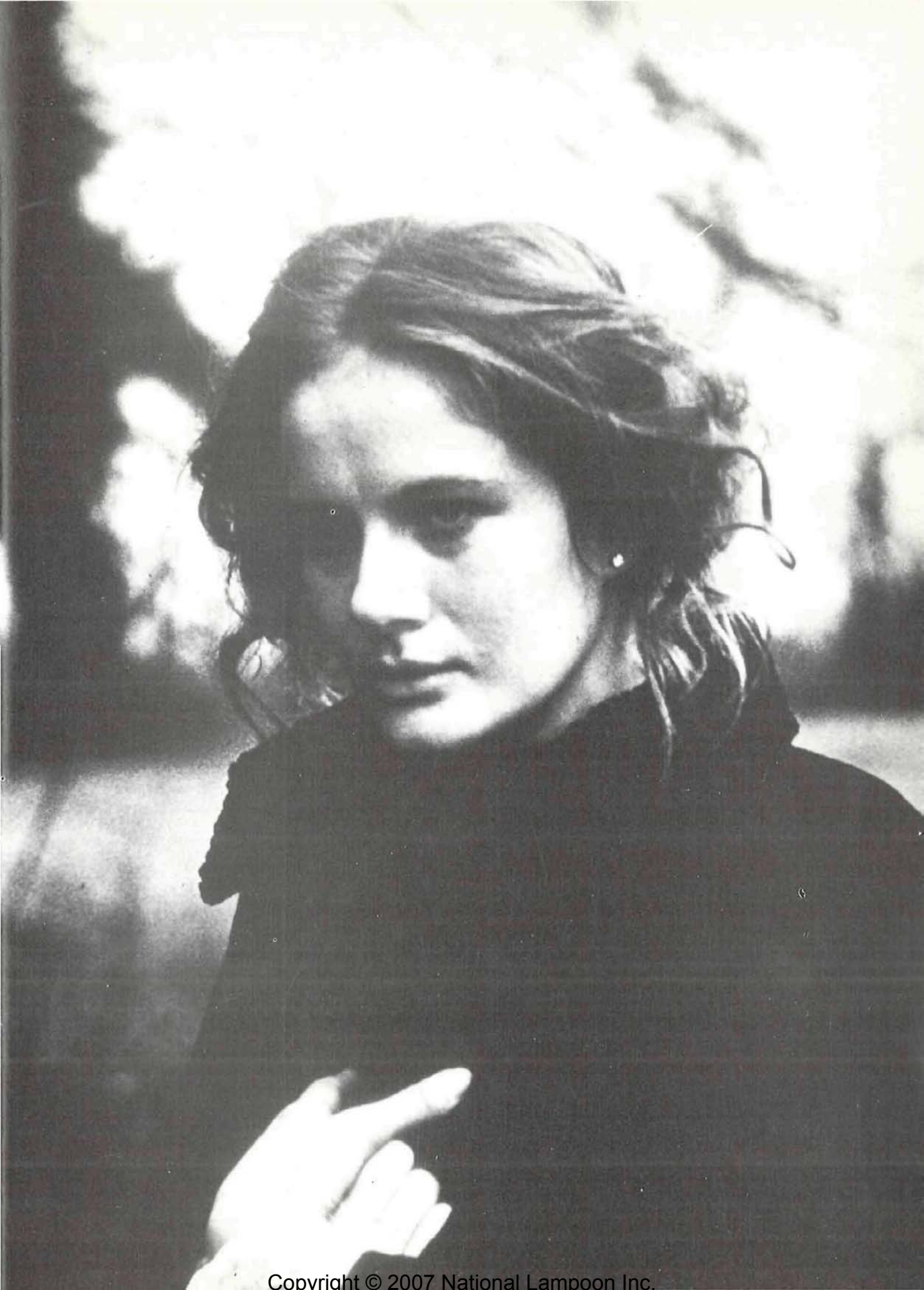
FRAN: No, Fran Lebowitz.

YOUNG MAN: Hey, like, wow.

FRAN: Right. (*To interviewer*) Now watch this, Tom. (*To young man*) I have always thought myself of the opinion that the principal reason for condemning political torture is that the victim's conversational skill quickly becomes extremely boring. (*Young man chuckles.*) A naked man having electrodes applied to his testicles is definitely not a source of interesting repartee. (*Young man laughs harder.*) The economic policies of the Reagan administration are rather amusing, but at least they know how to dress attractively...

(*Young man falls on pavement, laughing helplessly.*) (*To interviewer*) See? Now beat it, Tim. I have some serious being-famous to do.

TONY: But, Fran— (*Fran enters Elaine's and is gone.*) □



Fishing for Carrie

CARRIE FISHER

by Richard Thomas

Wealth, beauty, fame, luck, taste, wit—MISS CARRIE FISHER has it all. As they say, she may be only half-Jewish, but she's all princess! She's the daughter of two terrific stars, EDDIE FISHER and DEBBIE REYNOLDS, whose engagement was announced right on the Ed Sullivan show! And in the fabulous Star Wars she showed the world that she's every bit as appealing and talented as her famous parents! Carrie's a very private person, but she made the big sacrifice and came out to meet her public to promote the super Hollywood spoof Under the Rainbow, in which she stars with comedy genius CHEVY CHASE. After a day of grueling lunching, Carrie graciously agreed to an interview with our very own RICHARD THOMAS.

RICHARD THOMAS: Wow! Princess Leia! God, I feel like Darth Vader or something. (Laughs)

CARRIE FISHER: (Laughs) RICHARD: Carrie, do you mind this thing? I mean this tape recorder being on? It's my little mechanical companion. Like R2D2 or something. (Laughs)

CARRIE: (Laughs) It's okay. Whatever.

RICHARD: Great. (Clears throat) Testing. One, two, three. (Blows into mike) Testing. Sorry about this. (Laughs)

CARRIE: (Laughs) That's quite all right.

RICHARD: Okay now, let's just play that back a sec, and...

(Clunk. Whuuuleeeeeee-

oep. Thunk. Click.)

RICHARD:...whuymean this tape rec...

(Clunk.)

RICHARD: Whoops! (Laughs)

CARRIE: (Laughs)

RICHARD: Little further back...

(Wheeeeeeeeeep. Thunk. Click.)

RICHARD: Wow. Princess Leia! God, I feel like Darth Vader or something. (Laughs)

CARRIE: (Laughs)

RICHARD: Carrie, do you mind this thing? I mean this tape recorder being on? It's my little mechanical companion. Like R2D2 or something. (Laughs)

CARRIE: (Laughs) It's okay. Whatever.

RICHARD: Great. (Clears throat) Test...

(Clunk.)

RICHARD: Can you hear you?

CARRIE: What?

RICHARD: Maybe I should move the mike closer to you. Like here. Okay? Will that bother you?

CARRIE: No, that's all right. Thanks. (Coughs)

RICHARD: Thank you. (Simpers) Okay. I think we're ready to go now. At last. (Forced laugh) (Clears throat) Carrie Fisher! How are you?

CARRIE: Great! It's nice to be here, Richard.

RICHARD: Terrific. (Pause) Listen, I was wondering. How old were you when that whole Liz Taylor thing happened with your parents?

CARRIE: (Pause) Ummm. Hey, listen, could we...would you mind...

RICHARD: Huh? What? The

tape? What?

CARRIE: For a sec. Off.

(Clunk.)

RICHARD: Carrie Fisher! Welcome to New York!

CARRIE: Thank you! (Laughs)

RICHARD: But I forgot. You practically live here, don't you?

CARRIE: (Giggles) Practically!

RICHARD: Don't you just love it?

CARRIE: Absolutely. Theaters, shopping, the whole bit! (Laughs)

RICHARD: Terrific! (Laughs) Listen. I just saw Under the Rainbow. At a screening. You were fantastic in it!

CARRIE: (Whimpers) Thank you.

RICHARD: What's he like? Chevy, I mean. Is he really that good-looking off camera? Is he fun to work with?

CARRIE: Chevy's great. And we actually hit it off together really well. That was all just newspaper publicity—I mean, about the spitting and everything. (Pause) Except when he's on the stuff. You know? And he starts going into this heavy anti-fag thing. Homos this, homos that...

(Clunk.)

RICHARD: Carrie Fisher! Fantastic! How do you like New York?

CARRIE: I love it! (Sings) I...love New York. (Laughs)

RICHARD: (Laughs) You sing, too?

CARRIE: (Whimpers) Not really. And it's funny, because my parents, you know, were both...I mean, are both...sorry, Mom and Dad... (laughs) ...terrific singers.

RICHARD: (Howls) I'll say. Eddie and Debbie! (Sings)

Abba-dabba-dabba-dabba abba-dabba-dabba, said the monk-ey to the chimp!

CARRIE: Abba-dabba-dabba-dabba abba-dabba-dabba, said the chimp-y to the monk!

(Hysterical laughter from both)

RICHARD: (Sniffles) Those were the days!

CARRIE: (Snorts) I'll say!

RICHARD: Do you still see anything of Richard Burton?

(Pause) What?

(Clunk.)

RICHARD:...just pick it up in the middle, okay? Sorry. Here we go. (Clears throat) Under the Rainbow! Boy! It took some balls to kid that classic, I guess, Carrie, huh? I mean, it was a takeoff on "Over the Rainbow," am I right?

CARRIE: I guess so. But Chevy, Chevy Chase, I mean, who's in it with me, you know, kept saying he didn't want a lot of Judy Garland fag crap, he called it, in there, so...

(Clunk.)

RICHARD:...the majority of our readers, you know? Okay, one more time. Ready? (Clears throat) Carrie Fisher! Sensational! You look great, Carrie!

CARRIE: Thanks.

RICHARD: Let's talk a little bit about your career, okay? You...oh, shit.

CARRIE: What's wrong?

RICHARD: Tape's running out. Sorry. Shit. Listen, give me a min...

CARRIE: Well, actually, I've got to...

(Ke-thunk. Ke-thunk. Ke-thunk...) □





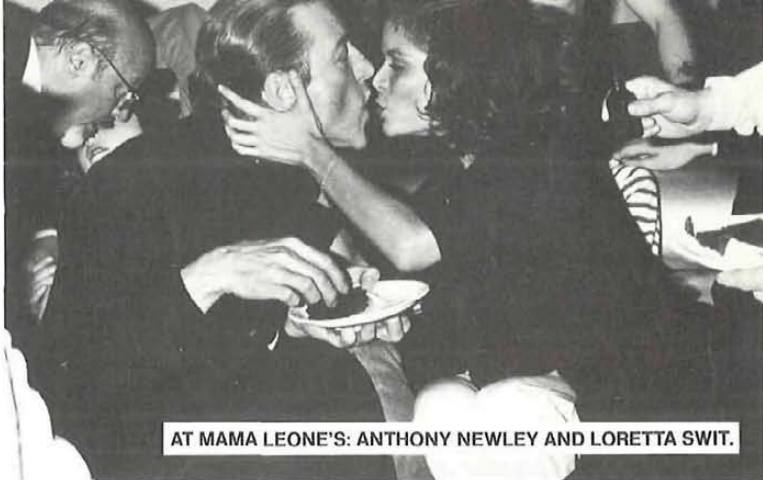
GLOBE PHOTOS

After doing stints as the hottest trick in Paris, Gstaad, and Rio, young RICHARD was found wrapped in a blanket at the door of the ZOLI modeling agency, where he was immediately told to wash up and put some clothes on. Richard is a direct descendant of FREDERICK THE GREAT and OTTO VON BISMARCK. He is also the grandson of Mafia boss CARLO GAMBINO. His ultimate goal: "to blow our astronauts on the moon." Grooming aids: ARRID ANTIPERSPIRANT, K-Y JEL, COLGATE TOOTHPASTE WITH MFP.

**RICHARD
VON GAMBINO**

BOB COLIFORMO'S

DOWN & OUT



AT MAMA LEONE'S: ANTHONY NEWLEY AND LORETTA SWIT.

in the City: The Fall of New York

**TUESDAY,
NOVEMBER 10, 1981**

Brrrrrrrr—some brrrisk autumn weather out there! And what better way to ward off that November nip than with an old-fashioned barn raising, New York style! Mayor ED KOCH sent out exclusive invitations to the city's top 50,000 celebrities to participate in a little urban renewal—to help put up a high-rise, low-income apartment complex in Spanish Harlem. And what a galaxy of stars turned out: HUNTZ HALL, AL "Grandpa Munster" LEWIS, BIANCA JAGGER's chauffeur, ME, a guy who looks like STEPHEN SONDHEIM, and SAMMY DAVIS SR. Everyone pitched in, and by the end of the afternoon, we had slapped together the forty-story building and moved all the tenants in. We had so much fun that no one minded when the place came crumbling to the ground the next day. Except, of course, the people who lived (and subsequently died) there, among them LUIS RIVERA, JOSÉ and MARIA LOPEZ, CHI CHI VEGA, and dozens of others, too poor to mention.

**THURSDAY,
NOVEMBER 12, 1981**

Whoo-oosh! Only a stiff gust of wind and the promise of a

cheap dinner managed to get me out on a cold night like this. JAKE LA MOTTA, who has come into a little money since *Raging Bull*, has obviously decided to run it back into the ground with his newest restaurant venture, the STEAK AND BRUISE. It's an all-you-can-eat smorgasbord, but when Jake thinks you've had enough, he sends over one of his staff (all former boxing champs) to punch you out. I had barely started my salad—made with RED PEPPERS, ROMAINE LETTUCE, and OLIVE OIL—when my waiter, GEORGE FOREMAN, walked up and broke my nose. No one at the opening managed to go

the distance with the waiters except half-ton symphony orchestra conductor SARAH CALDWELL, who emerged battered and bloodied, but happy, after fifteen rounds with the pastry table.

**WEDNESDAY,
NOVEMBER 18, 1981**

Ooooooh, it was a frosty night outside, but it was red hot inside the Plaza Hotel, at the premiere party for American International Pictures' newest release, *The Day Christ Was Shot*. The invite I received was obviously meant for ex-HEW secretary JOSEPH CALIFANO, but I wasn't about to complain. I engaged director BRIAN

Blow Out DE PALMA with the story of my recent operation, only to have him leave in mid sentence. Who'd think such a scary-movie maker would be so squeamish? Another surprisingly poor conversationalist there was DICK CAVETT, who could think of no *bons mots* to match my humorous anecdotes about my neighbor's kids. But I forgave him—Dick's too caught up with his new lady love, ERMA BOMBECK. Erma, two decades his senior, was celebrating her sixty-sixth birthday that night—that's over four hundred in dog years! I asked Dick if he was first attracted to the relatively old woman



ROGER VADIM, SISSY SPACEK, AND GEORGE HAMILTON AT TOP OF THE SIXES.

by her electric-razor-sharp wit. "What, then—" he quipped, "—her looks?"

**FRIDAY,
NOVEMBER 20, 1981**

Urrrrrrgh—that chill you feel in the air is the cold shoulder I'm giving *enfant horrible* STEVEN (Remember 1941?) SPIELBERG. It seems Steve neglected to invite YOURS TRULY to his most recent party, and then had me removed when I tried to get in. Who wanted to go to his old party anyhow? I imagine his guests were HOMER SEXUAL, LES BIAN, GAY POWER, ANNA LINGUS, and BUDD FUK, if you catch my drift. If you don't catch my drift, what I'm saying is that I bet all his FRIENDS are HOMOS.

**THURSDAY,
NOVEMBER 26, 1981**

Jeeee-sus! It's cold as a gravedigger's ass—or RUPERT MURDOCH's heart—tonight. Only Murdoch, the nasty *New York Post* publisher, would throw a Thanksgiving party and invite only diseased celebrities. Everyone was there, from SUSAN "Cancer" SONTAG and GEORGE "Blind from Birth" SHEARING to TATUM "Stomach Ulcers" O'NEAL and GARY "Kidney Disease" COLEMAN. Ruthless Rupert even went so far as to use jittery KATE "Parkinson's Disease" HEPBURN as a cocktail shaker. I had taken the liberty of inviting MYSELF, since I was suffering from the SNIFFLES (obviously due to this damnable weather of late). However, I left quickly—disgusted with Murdoch and afraid I might catch something—but not before picking up the hottest rumor to hit this town in years. It cost me five bucks—this was from a very RELIABLE SOURCE—but I'm giving it to you for free. Ready? JERRY "Leave It to Beaver" MATHERS was killed in Vietnam during the sixties. Remember, you heard it here first. □

GLOBE PHOTOS (6)



JULIE CHRISTIE CELEBRATED HER BIRTHDAY AT
LE CIRQUE WITH CARLOS "THE JACKAL," AMONG OTHERS.



RICHARD GERE, KRISTY McNICHOL, AND EARL CAMPBELL AT BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S.



BIANCA JAGGER AND ROY COHN
AT JOSH AND NEDDA LOGAN'S
100TH ANNIVERSARY PARTY.

BARBARA WALTERS AT STUDIO 54.

UNDERCOVER REPORT:

SLEEP CLAIMS JACKIE

*Unconscious
for 8 Hours a
Day, Says Ari*



Dead to world?

.....

WOMAN GIVES BIRTH TO HUMAN BABY



Husband Fathers Own Daughter

June Allyson's Cactus Survives—in Spite of Unusually Dry Weather

"It's like that," June told the NATIONAL INQUIRER. "It always has been. My cactus has been a source of silent inspiration to me for years. There's something wonderful about a tender succulent plant that's able to endure such hardship and is so well-equipped to defend itself.

"I think we could all learn a lot from the humble cactus. Many people would be so much better off if they'd learn to stand the heat and save up for a rainy day. It's not easy to be grasping with a cactus either. Yet you could hardly call them selfish."

Tot Not Drowned

Tragedy was widely advertised in Varicoso, Ariz., when Michael Farquarh, 9, visiting his grandparents in the small retirement community, wandered too close to the bank of the Plaque River and fell in.

"I suppose it could have ended in heartbreak," said Sheriff Sam Antonio, the local law-enforcement officer who returned little Michael to his grandmother after an unidentified passerby rescued the youngster moments after he slipped, and at the police station.

"But the fact is that section of the river is dry 10 months a year and nothing more than a trickle the other two," continued Sheriff Antonio. "The Corps of Engineers built a bunch of irrigation ditches a few years back that bypassed this whole area."

"Still, it's just as well that fellow happened along. If the child had been out there another 10 or 12 hours, he might have gotten pretty thirsty, though otherwise he'd have been alright. There's no snakes out there so far as I know, and you can't get a sunburn this time of year."

The lucky lad escaped with only a scratched knee.

Bride Marries Man She Was Engaged to Months Before

MICHIGAN WEDDING RING EXPOSED!

Hundreds of willing couples are undergoing nuptials every month in a Lansing, Mich., marriage mill, according to reports from local authorities. The participants in the unusual rites, which involve dressing in outlandish costumes and being pelted with handfuls of rice, are mostly young couples in their early twenties.

A few detractors claim that the ceremonies are only "a bald attempt to dress up cohabitation and worse," but outsiders who have observed the matrimonial procedure insist it is healthy and above board.



SET TO "WED": Bizarrely costumed duo participates in weird rites.

"I've hitched hundreds," admits Justice of the Peace Francis Templeton. "Some days I'll do as many as ten in a single day. And at \$10 a head, that ain't hay."

"I don't care what anybody says," explained pretty Noreen Snellgrove, 20, to NATIONAL INSPIRER reporter Burt Wince. "Jake, that's my spouse, and I wanted to tie the knot since last August, and we weren't about to let anything stop us."

Psychic Claims to Hear Hidden Voices in Radio



UNCANNY ABILITY: Psychic Bernice Fetching prepares to tune in spirit world.

Psychic Bernice Fetching claims to have heard mysterious voices emanating from an old clock radio in her kitchen.

The voices, which are seldom the same, cajole her into buying products, give her predictions about the weather, and sing songs.

"Several times I heard the voice of John Kennedy, but that was many years ago," said Miss Fetching. "Mostly it's people I don't recognize, but sometimes I can pick out celebrities, political figures, and other famous people."

"One time Arthur Godfrey urged me to buy a motorcar," said Mrs. Fetching. "I did, and it turned out to be the best car I ever had. It lasted for years."

"On another occasion, Rod Serling recommended a brand of toothpaste for my personal use, and since then I have not had a single cavity or other dental problem."

Actor José Ferrer Admits...

"I Drove My Child to School"

It was a day like any other in the Ferrer household in lush Coma del Gato, Calif., until little Fulgencia Ferrer, 7, rushed into the room where her famous father was going over the script of his latest movie, *A Serious Illness in Venice*.

"Daddy, Daddy," she cried, "the school bus didn't come!"

"I knew right then I'd have to drive her," explained the noted movie actor. "With most kids, they'd jump at the chance to play hooky, but Fulgencia's crazy about school."

Ferrer quickly dropped what he was doing and drove his daughter the 7 miles to the Ackney School for Girls, a private elementary-school. "We beat the bus by 5 minutes," said Ferrer. "It turned out the driver was new and just didn't know the route."

When I got home, I made myself a BLT and went back to work," he added.



FERRER says: "I had to do it. The bus didn't come."

Kentucky Man Said to Be 57 Years Old,

Attributes Remarkable Feat to "Good Habits"

A man who was already 3 years old when World War I ended still pursues a full, active life that would put to shame men half or three-quarters his age.



OLDER THAN AVERAGE: Minookin recalls life before World War II for NATIONAL INSPIRER reporter Don Maim.

Russell Minookin, who was born on January 17, 1915, and has a birth certificate to prove it, has lived all his life in tiny Purvis, Ky., where he still works 6 days a week running the local dry-goods store his father founded.

"My pappy lived to be 69," says Minookin, a short, cheerful man, whom more than half a century has left with thinning hair and a slight paunch. "I guess it runs in the family."

Minookin was in high school when the stock market crashed in 1929, and turned 21 just in time to vote for FDR in 1936. "It was mighty different then," he says. "Cars were all boxy, not modern like now, and you didn't have Perma Prest or any of these here miraculous fabrics."

"I feed him 3 meals a day and see that he gets a good night's sleep," explains Minookin's wife, Mildred, who at 54 describes herself as "no spring chicken, either."

Minookin has some advice for NATIONAL INSPIRER readers. "People should learn to slow down," he says. Other than that, he credits good habits for his continued health. "I stay out of drafts, watch between-meal treats, and slow down at all intersections—whether there's a sign or not."

He still has vivid recollections of events many Americans only read about in history books as if they took place only yesterday. "I remember the year Ruth hit all them home runs, and Pearl Harbor. I'd have joined up," he adds, "but my eyes were bad."

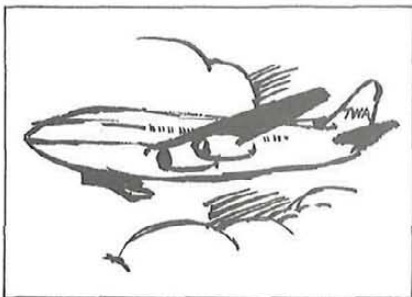
IFOs Plague French Town

Villagers in the tiny town of Beurre-sur-Pain, 10 miles south of Lyons, France, have been losing sleep over the appearance of flying objects with flashing lights that have filled their sky in the last few months.

"They make a noise like a loud vacuum-cleaner or a freight train, a kind of roar," said Armand Bonnier, the local police-chief. "They are not very fast and usually go in a straight line."

The IFOs, or Identified Flying Objects, are commercial jets headed to and from the new airport outside of Lyons. "Naturally, we are not as upset as we would be if they were spaceships from another planet," explained Pierre Corpette, the town's baker, "but this noise alarms the geese and sometimes makes children cry."

"It is nice to know they come from Lyons and not Venus, but they still are a thing that bother us."



ARTIST'S CONCEPTION of objects seen in sky over French town.

Government Releases List of Chemicals Not in Your Food

After extensive research, investigators with the Pure Food and Drug Administration have come up with a list of potentially dangerous elements, which, unlike mercury and cadmium, have never been found in any amounts at all in the food you eat.

The list includes technetium, promethium, neptunium, lawrencium, fermium, einsteinium, mendelvedium, californium, americium, and berkelium.

Mother Heartbroken When She Learns...

Her Child, 7, is Doomed to Be Human Vegetable

Mrs. Constance Lenz remembers the day she was told of her daughter's awful fate.

"It was Friday," recalled Mrs. Lenz. "Little Darlene had just come home from school. I could tell from the look on her tiny face that something was wrong."



TINY DARLENE will look something like this when she appears in school pageant.

"What is it, honey?" she remembers asking the tyke. "What's the matter?"

"Oh, mommy, it's just not fair. I thought God liked little girls and wouldn't let bad things happen to them if they were good!" sobbed Darlene.

"We drew lots for who got to play what in the school Pageant of Local Products," explained the tearful tot, "and I have to be broccoli. And I so wanted to be at least a household convenience, like aluminum foil or comfort tissue!"

"It was enough to break your heart," said Mrs. Lenz.

Death Toll 0 As

Train Pulls into Station

The cold metal wheels of boxcars rumble menacingly over the rails between Richmond, Indiana, and Cincinnati.

Every day engineer Otis Bianco lives with the thought of those dozens of axles rolling without stop down the road bed at several miles an hour. He admits that that's about all there is on his mind while he's working.

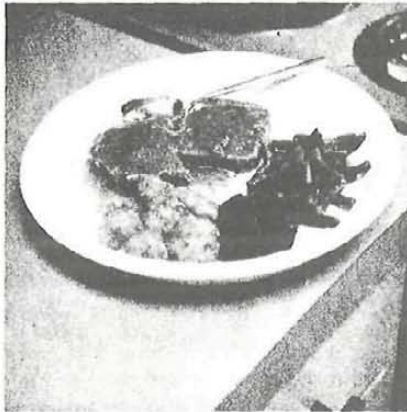
Along each of those 78 miles, every inch of gleaming rail spells instant death for anything that comes between it and the wheels of the train. No man would willingly let himself be run down by the huge Erie-Lackawana diesel. Even a close call has not been reported.

Angster Locked in Kitchen

Forced to Eat Own Dinner



HIS LAST MEAL before sleep.



TOTS cold as death.



MOTHER: Said she'd be back in a "jiffy."

Gravity: Nature's Glue The Mysterious Force That Shapes Human Destiny

Strange, invisible rays emanating from unplumbed depths within the earth itself exert a powerful influence on our daily lives, according to Dr. Phillip Buttenheim of the University of Long Island Sound.

"These odd rays keep us attached to the ground just as if we had blobs of stickum on our shoes," said Dr. Buttenheim. "And it's a good thing they do. Without them we'd find it difficult to perform even the simplest daily tasks."

The effects of this powerful force have been felt throughout history, explained Dr. Buttenheim. "The Fall of Rome, the sinking of the *Titanic*, the dropping of the atomic bomb on Hiroshima, and a host of other important events were all strongly influenced by this remarkable phenomenon."

The fateful turn of a simple doorknob spelled cold meatloaf and Tater Tots for Timothy Gardener, 8.

"I meant to . . . I really meant to warm up the Tater Tots, at least," claimed Mrs. Gardener, an attractive St. Louis divorcee in her early 30s. "It all happened so quickly. I just ran out to the supermarket for a second and . . ."

Trapped for more than half an hour, little Timmy pounded minute after minute on the unyielding door. He resorted, at last, to the kitchen tap for water. And was forced to smear the kitchen with Tater Tots to keep himself amused.

Released at last and reduced to pitiful tears, Timmy's frail body lay across his mother's knees. And in one small hand he clenched the poignant note she'd left: "Be back in a jiffy. Turn on the TV."

I Changed My Baby

Mrs. Dee Wilkins pulled the pants off her own son in a private bedroom of her home in the swank Chicago suburb of River Forest.

"It was a filthy mess," her husband testified. "I can't stand it. The whole business makes me want to throw up."

Mr. Wilkins, an important insurance-adjuster, went on to tell how his young wife then took the boy to bed without so much as a word. "And the kid didn't put up a fight!" He admitted, however, that the child had been beat, was really knocked out.

Dee made no bones about her actions on that evening. "I did it," she said, "I did it, and I'll do it again and again."



MOTHER: "I did it and I'll do it again."

Breaks Glass, Throws Deadly Shards in Wastebasket

Quick thinking saved Mrs. Theresa Fenton from nasty cuts when she accidentally dropped a drinking glass on the kitchen floor in her Decatur, Ill., home.

"I was washing up after breakfast when it slipped out of my hands," said Mrs. Fenton. "I guess it was slippery because of all the soap."

Mrs. Fenton quickly swept up the knifelike fragments with a dustpan and hand broom, and wrapped them in some old newspaper. Still shaking from her experience, she put the bundle in the metal wastebasket she keeps in the kitchen for old cans, empty packages, and other waste.

"I put in it the newspaper so the trash men wouldn't cut themselves by accident," explained the resourceful housewife.

"I should have stayed in bed," said Mrs. Fenton, recalling the morning that spoiled her day. "All I could think about was how one of the children could have cut his feet on it. About an hour later I was vacuuming and I knocked over a lamp. I guess I was really rattled."



TINY DAGGERS: Stiletto-like slivers of glass similar to these menaced Fenton household.

"I guess I'm proof the American system works," says Murphy Sinclair, a quiet, hardworking son of a successful real-estate broker, who rose from District Salesman to Executive Vice-President of Telledex, a large midwestern plumbing-supply concern.

When Sinclair graduated from the University of Ohio in 1953, he had nothing but a secondhand car, his college de-

READY-TO-WEARS TO RICHES

gree, and, as he describes it, "a heck of a lot of ambition."

Now he owns a \$40,000 suburban home, a swimming pool, two new cars (one of them a luxury model); and can afford to travel every year with his wife,

\$125-a-Week Salesman in 1955, Now He's a \$50,000-a-Year Executive



BIG EXECUTIVE Murphy Sinclair says: "Nobody gives you anything for free. You've got to get on your kiddy-car and work for it."

Selma, while their two children stay with their grandparents. "Last year we went to Mexico," reports Sinclair.

"It just shows what you can do if you want to," he says. "I just kept at it, 8 hours a day, 5 days a week. Often I had to bring work home at night or over the weekend, but I never gave up."

"Sure we had some tough times," admits Sinclair. "It wasn't easy to make ends meet while I was in the Army, even with Dad helping out, and we had to live in a furnished garden apartment for two years until we saved enough to buy our first house."

Would he do anything different if he had it all to do over again? "No way," exclaims Sinclair. "It's been swell. It wasn't all roses, but then hard work is what made this country great."

Woman Who Won \$86 in Aqueduct Daily Double Says Life Is Unchanged

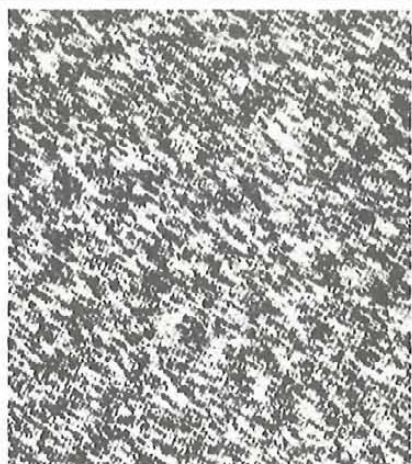
Still Lives in Kew Gardens 6 Years Later

It was in March, 1966, that luck galloped home for Miss Jessica Portman in the form of Dixie Darling in the 3rd and I Love Lucy in the 6th. But she still lives quietly in the same \$140-a-month apartment she was born in.

"Well, I wouldn't leave mother," she says.

"I guess you'd have to say I'm the same kind of person I've always been. I quit my job at the library a while ago, though. Too many colored."

Did the money change her life at all? "I meant to get new drapes. But then mother and I decided to have the rug shampooed."



CLEAN RUG: Her only luxury.

Woman Cooks Dead Turkey, Feeds It to Hubby, Toddlers

4 Unhurt When Gas Stove Falls to Explode

Mrs. Rose Hermenez of New York City and her 3 young daughters escaped serious injury when Bonita, the eldest girl, lit their stove.

"Always I am nervous about lighting stoves," Bonita says.

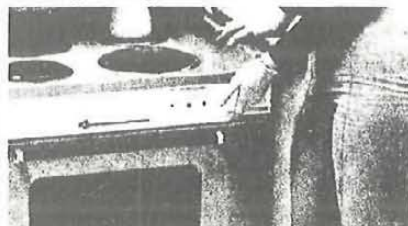
A neighbor confirmed that this was so. "She doesn't like to light the stove," said Mrs. Pearl Smith.

Fortunately the oven did not burst into a massive ball of flame and instantly set gruesome fire to the flowing black tresses and colorful Puerto Rican clothing of the 3 girls and their poor but hardworking mother whose husband deserted her 3 years ago.

Then it didn't spread ravenously into the hallway of the tinder-dry old tenement and turn the 5 flights of stairs into an inferno-like chimney of death.

"I Used the Bones for Soup," She Admits

It was a normal day in the small, neat house where the Bevelacs, Sam and Sarah, lived with their two children, Bill, 2, and Louise, 10 months, except for one thing—it was Thanksgiving, and in Mrs. Bevelac's new GE oven the carcass of a huge, 15-pound turkey was slowly turning a deep brown.



MRS. BEVELAC points to oven where bird was subjected to temperatures hotter than parts of surface of planet Mercury.

"It was the biggest bird I'd ever cooked," recalled Mrs. Bevelac. "After dressing it I had to get Sam to help me push it in the oven. For a while there, I thought I'd have to hack some pieces off it with a carving knife."

When Mrs. Bevelac opened the oven door 4½ hours later, she discovered that she hadn't allowed enough time for the turkey to cook. "I gave it another half-hour and that did the trick," she said.

"It was the best turkey ever," said Sam Bevelac. "I guess we all ate ourselves silly, even the kids. Still, we had turkey sandwiches and turkey salad and turkey casserole for a week."

"It was coming out of our ears," Mrs. Bevelac agreed. "Me, I even used the bones to make turkey soup. I think if I didn't eat it again for a year, it would be too soon!"

by Ulan Bator, Astrologer of the Stars

UNDER

March 21—April 19

Five ways to perceive the universe are yours in the house of ARIES with MARLON BRANDO, JOHN GAVIN, and HARRY REASONER. You'll have hours of time every day this week, but marriage is out of the question for Alison and South American playboy on "Search for Tomorrow."

April 20—May 20

The TAURUS can count on twenty separate aspects of his four major bodily projections, a trait shared with GLENN FORD, WILLIAM INGE, and PHIL SILVERS. Good time to go to Dayton if you're single. Quality courts you. I see a bed of vibrations—for small change but pleasant relaxation.

May 21—June 21

A vital essence surges fluidly through GEMINIs like ZSA ZSA GABOR, ELVIS PRESLEY, and POPE PAUL. One hundred ten is a good number of volts to have in your house current. Rest easy about that heartthrob—it's not angina pectoris.

June 22—July 21

MERV GRIFFIN, DELLA REESE, CASEY STENGEL, and all CANCERS have backbone beneath that thin skin. Lie low at night this week. Avoid ironing. Pre-soaking with Axion will remove even the toughest stains.

July 22—August 21

LEOs breathe of the same air as the mighty. MELVIN BELL, DEAN MARTIN, and LOIS NETTLETON share this sign with you. Accent is on meat and vegetables. The express line is your best bet if you have less than 10 items.

August 22—September 22

CHARLES BOYER, RHONDA FLEMING, and TONY CURTIS are warm-blooded, omnivorous VIRGOs who stand on their own two feet. The cycle of your children's need is a three-speed English racer.

September 23—October 22

In the house of LIBRA with ROCK HUDSON, MARGARET O'BRIEN, and DON ADAMS you're gifted with more than half a dozen passageways to the inner self. All of these are open this week. You'll write in your own hand. But beware of mixing stripes with plaids.

October 23—November 21

SCORPIOs are only mortal but include MAMIE EISENHOWER and PRINCE CHARLES. Valuable gifts may be yours with S&H Green Stamps. But be careful—if you clutch, there's no engagement between engine and drive shaft.

November 22—December 21

Vocal SAGITTARIANS really have a tongue in their heads. SAMMY DAVIS, JR., HOWARD DUFF, and FRANK SINATRA will be sleeping this week. You'll be needing extra covers on those chilly nights yourself. Insurance against all kinds of tragedy is available at reasonable rates.

December 22—January 20

RAMSEY CLARK and MARIA CALLAS are CAPRICORNs, and so they have the ability to interpret vibrations that travel through the air. Your family will be related to you. Something can now be done about bad breath in dogs.



January 21—February 19

Those born in AQUARIUS are hard-headed, but when you finger them and look beneath the hard shell, you'll find a soft touch every time. That's the way SIDNEY POITIER is, and JUNE LOCKHART, too. An actress will play an important role this week. Romance is featured on the "Mary Tyler Moore Show."

February 20—March 20

ELIZABETH TAYLOR, JACKIE GLEASON, and BOBBY FISCHER are PISCES. They all have special ways of self-purification that protect them from excessive bile. You, too, are calm when relaxed... though any contract or legal agreement needs your signature.

JACKIE COOPER is going to have serious liver trouble. You too, if you don't brown them quickly on all sides.

It's flaming passion and cognac at Delmonico's ahead for FAYE DUNAWAY. Skip Delmonico's and mix in some mushrooms. Her MYSTERY MAN will smother her in roses when the flame dies down, though a sprinkle of flour will do for the liver.

Before June, PRESIDENT NIXON will be in the same hot water that the broth you add tastes like without enough thyme and marjoram. A NOTED AUTHOR OF MYSTERY NOVELS will be on the cover of the former, next month. ISRAEL's going to be in the soup too, and look for a real pot-boiler in your kitchen and U.N. (It'll be stirred up by COMMUNIST AGITATORS and a long wooden spoon.)

SANDRA DEE will add the noodles to the skillet and mix in. But a FAMOUS MULTIMILLIONAIRE who married into the KENNEDY FAMILY will spoon the chicken-liver mixture over the noodles.

Bacon bits and CLAIRE BLOOM's opinion of EDDIE FISHER should be scattered all over before long. Serves four.

Get More Out of Life!

Put the hidden energy terminals in your home to work for you! Yes, chances are yours is one of the millions of dwellings dotted with dozens of useful dynamic power points that you can harness for 1001 tasks. If you're in the know, you'll be able to tap a mysterious force that will let you clean carpets in just minutes, turn bread brown in seconds, master the art of temperature control, and much, much more. Find out how you can put the rivers of pure energy running invisibly through your very walls to work for you. Send \$1.00 for informative booklet. Marvellex, Inc., Box 44H, Indian Point, N.Y. 19011

JEANE DIXON



Predicts Tomorrow's Chicken Liver With Noodles

It's into the frying pan any time now with ROD STIEGER's marriage to CLAIRE BLOOM and your bacon till crisp.

Picking up those pieces, I see a fork and EDDIE FISHER.

And I predict that POLLY BERGEN will get very fat, but you'll sauté an onion in yours.

Dick Powell Flies over Long Island —

“Never Been So Thrilled,” Says East Rockaway Resident, Mrs. N. E. Adler



THRILL OF A LIFETIME every 2.6 minutes (on the average).

“Living next to the airport is more than I ever hoped it would be!” exclaims Mrs. Nathan Adler, a shapely young housewife.

“Every time I hear those jet engines make that sound like a dry washcloth across your teeth, and the storm windows buckle, I nearly swoon. Maybe that’s the screech of Bob Hope’s flight I’m listening to in the carport. Or even Kirk Douglas in the dining room. There’s just no telling how many of those international stars go over me every day. But when I see it in the papers that they’re coming or going to New York, where they all spend a lot of time, then I get a picture of them right out of the NATIONAL INSPIRER, which I always save, and frame it.

“I have quite a collection of famous actors and celebrities who probably were over the den . . . and another collection for the kitchen (I don’t count it if it’s just one of their movies playing on a flight) . . . and one for the patio. And just three days ago *Dick Powell* flew over my bedroom, unless he left from LaGuardia.”

Mother Washes Baby, Self in Late-Night Tub Melee

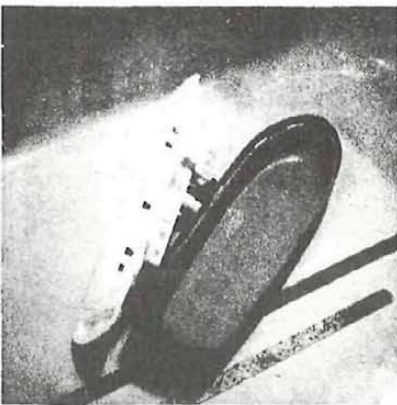
Mrs. Arthur Flemson, mother of 4, covered her 14-month-old child’s body with soap, then rinsed her in lukewarm water in the upstairs bathroom of the family home in Pumice, Nebr.

“Little Dorothea wet herself,” admitted Mrs. Flemson. “She was crying.

I was going to just change her since it was nearly midnight, but she was afloat.”

As she scrubbed the infant, Mrs. Flemson decided to get in the tub, too. “I figured I was already so wet a little more wouldn’t make a dime’s worth of difference. Of course, I took my clothes off first.”

The next morning, the only trace of the dual bathing was a thin ring on the bathtub and the crushed rubber bathtub toy that Mrs. Flemson accidentally sat on during the scrub-a-dub fest.



FLEMSONS’ TUB shows telltale signs of dirt-crazed mom’s wild wash-up.

Learn the Moneymaking Secrets of the Ancients

For thousands of years, men have searched for surefire ways to attain wealth. Now, collected in one handy book, are the successful techniques of all time, the proven moneymaking methods of some of the richest and most successful men in history. You’ll find out how they made immense fortunes, and benefit by their experience. Here are just a few of the literally thousands of fool-proof schemes that netted millions that you’ll be able to choose from:

- inventing the waterwheel
- pyramid-building
- sending spice ships to Punt
- grain storage in famine years
- mercenary-army management
- eclipse prediction
- sacking and pillaging
- crusade organization
- revocation of edicts
- temple design
- investing ducaats

Send \$5.95 to MoneyMoneyMoney, Box 116, Kerrville, Texas 80907



“WOOF, bark, ruff, bow-wow, grrr. . . .” claims dog.

Talkative Pooch

Talking dogs are no joke around the Reigner household in Ottawa, Canada. Their French poodle, Quebecois, doesn’t speak French, but he can sure bend an ear in English describing canine relatives, epidermal structure of trees, the exterior surface and supporting members on top of a building, elements of courteous greeting, and expressions of surprise . . . not to mention a swell imitation of the first half of Tony the Tiger!

Veterinarians say the dog would appear to be perfectly normal in all respects.

"My Dogs Are Killing Me!"

For glamorous actress Elke Sommer, the thought of an evening stroll with her two pet wolfhounds conjures up images of dread.

"I've got corns, bunions, blisters . . . brother, you name it," lamented the Hollywood beauty. "Just walking across the room is agony, let alone taking Marcel and Foo-Foo out for a walk.

"I've got big feet, 11 EEE, and I can't find anything that fits me," she explained. "Everything pinches my tootsies. It's like wearing a pair of snapping turtles."



VICIOUS HOUNDS such as these deadly-looking brutes go shoeless, have healthy paws.

Seven Signs You Don't Have Deadly Cancer

1. Persistent steady breathing and long-windedness.
2. Lack of warts or moles.
3. Firm and satisfying regular bowel movements.
4. Smooth silky flesh all over your body.
5. Pleasant drowsiness after large meals.
6. Deep or contented sleep.
7. Ticklishness of feet and ribs.



UNDISEASED female breast.

Learn these seven signs by heart. Any one of them could mean absence of terminal malignancy. And don't call your doctor unless you're sick or in need of a regular physical examination.

PERSONABLY PERSONAL

N76560/MICH./WATER SPORTS:
Vivacious couple into water sports seeks same for boating, fishing, short cruises.

N76561/CONN./LIBERAL-MINDED:
Very liberal man in early forties looking for uninhibited companion of either sex to discuss Bangla Desh, bussing, and local school-board autonomy.

N76562/CALIF./BALLS:
Golden-ager can still "shake a leg," desires cotillion or charity affair in San Fran. area.

N76563/OHIO/ANIMAL TRAINER:
Like to meet with singles or couple who desire "obedience school." Free for seeing-eye dogs.

N76564/ILL./FRENCH ARTIST:
Knows how to please ladies, gentlemen, whole family. Beautiful likeness. Reasonable rates.

N76565/N.Y./GAY COUPLE:
Seeks other gay couples for madcap tap dancing in the park, watching old Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire movies, and riding home with the milkman in the morning.

N76566/PA./GREEK CULTURE:
Active teacher, 25, available and ready with big slide show of Acropolis ruins and scenic Delphi.

N76567/KANS./LEATHER:
Docile young man loves leather trade. Will teach you to make belts, vests, desk blotter, cuff-link boxes, etc.

N76568/S. DAK./DIGS BIG BUSTS:
Want huge, heavy, creamy-smooth white ones so big it takes two hands to lift them! Any age. Pericles, Augustus, Petrarch, and Thomas Jefferson preferred.

N76569/TEX./EAR FREAK:
Kind, sensitive, shy man of 51 willing to relocate, greatly desires to leave carnival and find secluded job among tactful people. Hard worker.

N76570/N.J./SWING:
Cherry Hill club has hundreds of with-it couples, all ages, all races, lined up and ready to go at the Avalon Ballroom March 30. Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Glen Miller, Gene Krupa, Tommy Dorsey, and more.

N76571/GA./MENAGE A TROIS:
Genteel couple—good income, nice house—desires single girl any race. Must be clean, sober, efficient, and courteous. No walls or heavy lifting. Have references.

N76572/NEBR./NEED TO BE LOVED:
Available brunette wants home with kind bachelor, single girl, or couple any age, race. Just treat me like your baby. Big brown eyes. Good legs. Nice pussy. One of a litter of eight.

N76573/S.C./WE PLAY BOTH WAYS:
Charlotteville man and wife, "masters," wish to meet other experienced, skilled couples for rubber. Any way you like it. Contract or auction.

Amazing Health Discovery



New Scientific Filter

If you can't or don't want to quit smoking but are worried about the consequences, there is now a FOOL-PROOF way for ABSOLUTELY SAFE SMOKING. Remarkable invention by European scientist takes the worry out of inhaling FOREVER. Smoke passes out of cigarette, then into special cage-like filter section containing live white laboratory rat. Rat gets the cancer, you get the smoking pleasure. When rat becomes sickly, simply throw out and replace. Average rodent good for a month's smoking. Enjoy smoking again and give your health a break at the same time. Unconditionally approved by famous Columbia University! ORDER NOW! Scientific filter-kit includes filter cage, 4 rats, and 6-month supply of food pellets. Send \$19.95, postage included, to: MIK-O-DON PRODUCTS, Box 99, Grand Central Station, N.Y. 10044.

N76574/N.Y./STUDENT OF LESBOS:
Cooklamu dolmadakia skamos clado potiri ghamotta angharès yassu tikamis kokinos apopissu polyorea kalimera skamos.

N76575/FLA./READY STUD:
Big black male looking for a bitch in heat. I've got what you want if you want some pointers. Nineteen inches at the shoulder. Papers, AKA pure-bred.

N76576/ENG./QUEEN:
By the grace of God, Her Majesty, Elizabeth, Queen of Scotland, England, Ireland, and Wales, Monarch of the Dominions of Great Britain and Empress of India. Single girl or suitably married. Older woman should abdicate if possible.

Negligent Mother

\$1.00

January 1975



The Hows and Wheres
of Motorcycle Racing

Instant Vacations
Via Liquor and Loud,
Loud Music

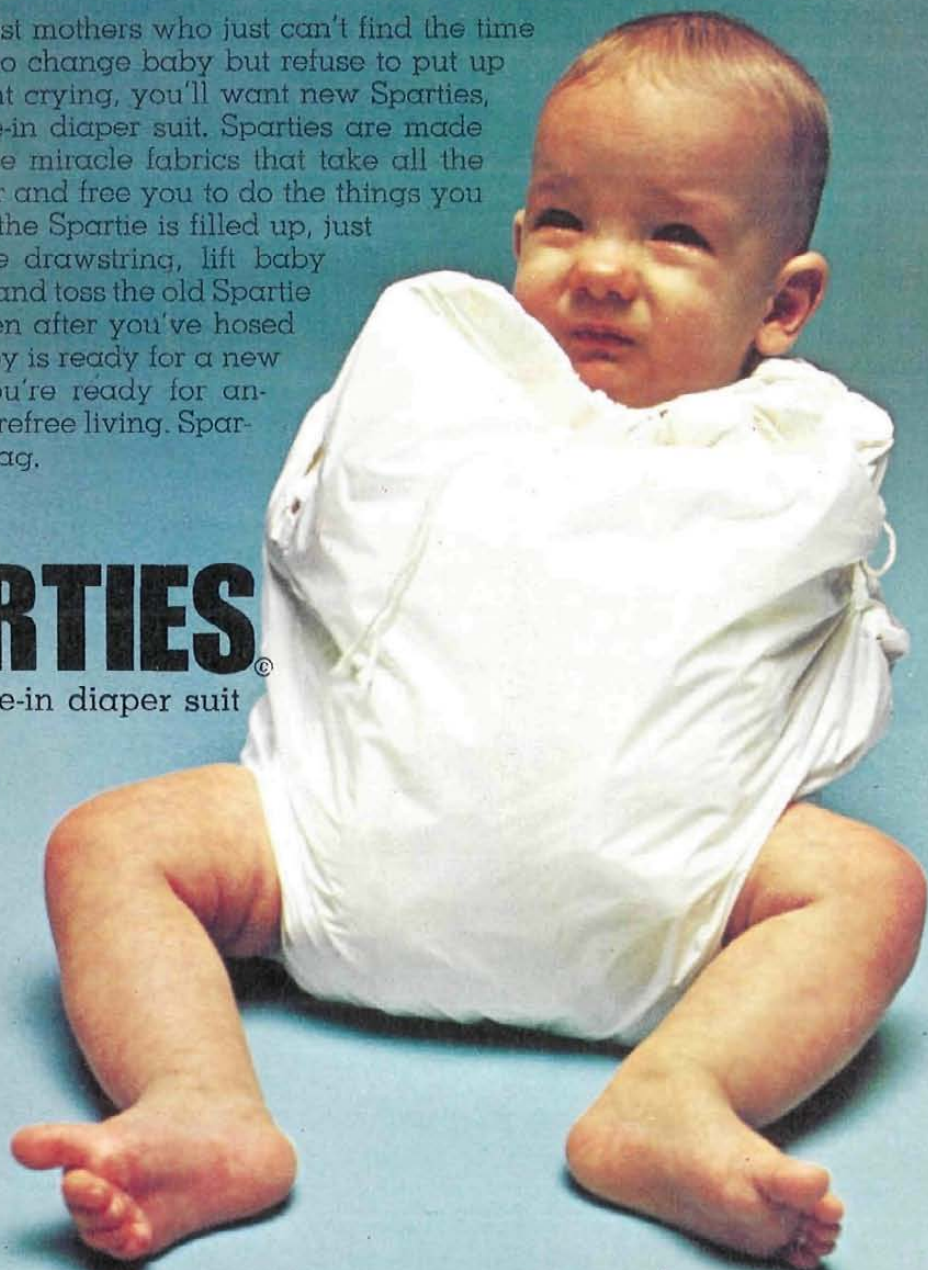
Shoplifting
For the Hell of It

Baby Lenore's First
Real Whipping

If you're like most mothers who just can't find the time or the stomach to change baby but refuse to put up with the constant crying, you'll want new Sparties, the five-day live-in diaper suit. Sparties are made from inexpensive miracle fabrics that take all the mess and bother and free you to do the things you like. And when the Spartie is filled up, just simply untie the drawstring, lift baby out by the neck, and toss the old Spartie in the trash. Then after you've hosed down baby, baby is ready for a new Spartie. And you're ready for another week of carefree living. Sparties—it's in the bag.

SPARTIES[®]

the 5-day live-in diaper suit



IT'S THE LITTLE TABLET THAT'S BIG MEDICINE.

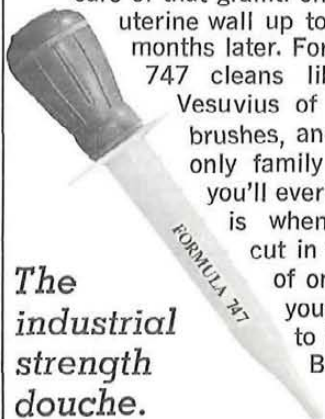
Mr. Baby can't talk yet, so we sometimes don't know why all the whining and crying. But whatever the reason, St. Preservous tablets can always be counted on to put an end to it. St. Preservous is the extra-strength ataractic that knocks Librium out of the box and Mr. Baby out of his world of pain. St. Preservous tablets are pink and come in three different animal shapes—bunny rabbits, monkeys, and fish—just the way babies like 'em. They think it's food and always ask for more when they come to, so you'll want to have plenty on hand.



Recommended by people who've had children.

Formula 747

If your idea of a blessed event is a cocktail party in an abandoned church, you'll want to know about Formula 747, the all new predissolved, air-activated, egg-flavored, industrial strength douche. If you can work a squirt gun, and one shot is all it takes, you can take care of that graffiti on your uterine wall up to four months later. Formula 747 cleans like a Vesuvius of wire brushes, and the only family way you'll ever be in is when you cut in front of one on your way to Palm Beach.



The industrial strength douche.

Negligent Mother

Well, hello again. Jesus Iced Christ, it's January already. The last thing I seem to remember was swinging into Thanksgiving and trying to pull myself together and cook a goddamn turkey to get what's-his-face off my back when Mona shows up with a Puerto Rican street gang she found so uniquely *entracté* she simply couldn't pass them up, and under her arm, and I'm thinking to myself when I see it, well, bless her darling soul, is a turkey. She struts past giving one of her butterfly waves and flings it in the oven. Meanwhile, the P.R. Rainbow Division is wandering all over the place *mira-mira*-ing everything and splitting their pants pockets with the crystal ashtrays which dictates my next martini to be no parts vermouth and two parts bourbon and I had it half down when Bozo the clown surfaces from the wonderful world of twenty-four-hour football and corners me with frantic whispers wanting to know what the hell is up. I tell him that it's Christian Charity Ungirdled Week and say hi to all our dinner guests which moves him to run upstairs and lock himself in the kids' room. Then out comes Mona drinking Manhattans out of a flower vase, shouting orders for everyone to turn on their little radios for Commonwealth Bandstand. No two of them could find the same station and between that and the table we broke and the smashed lamp, reenter Mr. Blue. This time with both kids clinging to Dwaddy's arms and tells me that he thinks it's a disgrace. I tell him that I know it's a disgrace but what's Thanksgiving without some wild Indians. That sets a couple of us woo-woosing and hop-stepping out the front door and that's when I passed out on the lawn. I got in about four hours before the Roberto Clemente fan club was dumping water on me and dragging me to the table for the Mona special. There sat Captain Mitty with the two kids all in pajamas looking like the Frank family. I poured myself a drink and decided I'd chew the ice cubes for dinner which was just as well because Mona doesn't know you have to thaw meat before you cook it. When she went in with a knife, I thought she hit an artery. The blood came out like spray paint. Well, I had about had it, so I gave my usual going-to-the-corner-for-a-pack-of-cigarettes chant which Mona thought was a swell idea. She grabbed all the bottles left and we headed out with Jack Armstrong yelling after me that it's three in the morning and it's a disgrace. I yelled back that it wasn't a disgrace anymore because it wasn't Thanksgiving anymore. We all got into their cars and started toward the park. Juan number one kept making me cognac and ginger ale while Juan number two kept making Mona wet. When we got near the zoo, Mona yelled stop and we all piled out. She wanted us to break into the administration building and screw around with the animals' records. And that's when it starts to turn to mush. I remember being pushed in a window, leaving my breakfast in somebody's out box, more blanks, a train ride to Trenton, New Jersey, waking up in a construction site with my underpants on backwards, and a fist fight in a Laundromat with a ten-year-old. If more of it comes to me, I'll let you know. Hope you like the issue.

Pamela Blair Stoner
Editor

COMING NEXT MONTH:

Kicking Guilt Right through the Baby Gate into the Cellar Where It Belongs

How to Get Big \$ You're Not Entitled to from the United Fund

Getting Your Kid into TV Commercials—in Saudi Arabia

Whooping Cranes Are Not Endangered—Just Delicious



WE HAND-PRINT ANYTHING

It's the grooviest, new, where-it's-at, out-of-sight rage—wearing signs that say what you want them to say, and not signs that say what somebody else wants them to say—because you're in charge this time. Power to the people. Just tell us in your own words what message you want hand-printed and we take it from there. You just sit back and relax and we do all the work, while you take all the credit. Up to 37 letters, with an additional charge for printing on both sides. Send for our free catalogue that tells our story. Dept. A, Scarsdale, New York.

What to call baby

If your kid still has the old boring hospital name tag of "Infant" or "Baby," isn't it about time you had some fun assigning it a more permanent name? Well, now you can, with the help of **1001 FUNNY NAMES FOR BABY**, compiled by renowned comedian **Joey Adams**. They range from conventional funny names like *Noodlehead*, *Ratface*, *Stinky*, and *Drooler*, to more imaginative names like *No Eyes*, *Jockstrap*, and *Jewboy*. And if that isn't enough to send you reeling, it also contains mathematical equations, chemical formulas, and football scores that you can name your child. Plus the never failing initials, "I.P." Order now while they last and get in on the fun.



Send check or money order to:
 Joey Adams
 1001 FUNNY NAMES FOR BABY
 P.O. BOX 1001
 MIAMI BEACH, FLA.
 Only \$7.95

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE

by Dr. Shelby Fountain, D.D.S.

Since time began, medical science has been continually baffled by the organ we have come to know as the liver. Is it a muscle? Is it an organ? Is it permanently fixed or does it float around? It's quite an interesting study, and more than a few prominent doctors have devoted a great deal of research (and won themselves some Nobel Prizes for their troubles, I might add) on this indeterminate of the innards. We do know this about the liver, though: If you take it out, the patient will become blind just before he dies. But we don't know why. What connection could there be between the eyesight and the liver? Some doctors have proposed that there is a connective nerve linking the liver with the eyes. Other doctors, however, have dismissed this as a lot of rubbish, claiming that in all their work with livers they've never seen anything that resembles a nerve leading away and

up from the liver. Another thing we have found about the liver is that if you leave a piece of masking tape attached to it, sew the patient up, and go in a month later, the masking tape will be gone. Did the liver consume it? Again, two schools of thought: yes, it did, and no, it didn't; the masking tape simply dropped off and fell down into the colon somewhere.

A number of readers have expressed to me that they don't really care what the liver does or does not do. All they're concerned about is when the liver, acting on its own, distends, or sticks out, causing an unsightly bulge above the waistline. To them, I give this advice: Take your left hand and with your three longest fingers, gently push it back in and then raise your belt line up to block its reemergence.

Next month we'll be addressing new Asian strains of mononucleosis.



Sometimes we don't always remember to cover electric sockets or lock up the power tools or put away the ammonia, and then, when we least expect it, tragedy will strike.

Nothing can ever replace your baby. We know that. But you can be calmed with the

knowledge that you took the time and care to have your child fully insured.

MUTUAL OF TOYLAND

The baby insurance people.
Because... accidents will happen.

We want you to know about us. And we want you to tell your friends. We're **MUTUAL OF TOYLAND**. We've been insuring children since 1946 and we've never faulted on a claim.

PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH: TIPPI DURERY



LOVING IN THE
MOONLIGHT,
LAUGHING IN
THE DAYLIGHT,
HAVING A
WONDERFUL
TIME

M is for the merriment she's made of. Tippi Durery with her figure back (above) makes a final check of the notes before she does her version of "Heart and Soul" for some off-camera friends. But (below) in a "before" picture, she is shown in a more serious mood, expressing an understandable degree of contempt for her second or third child for robbing her of her figure, which she jokingly refers to as "grand larceny."

There are no flies on Tippi; rarely are there even clothes covering her shapely thighs. Tippi is one of those few people who give meaning to the word *rompish*. From crashing a convention of tree surgeons to holing up with a gang of embezzlers, she's never at a loss for wringing those few extra drops from the towel of life.

Mother of two or three children, Tippi has never been the sedentary type. She told us, "That isn't me. That's somebody else. Oh, but I can be somebody else if I want to be, though. Like the time I dressed up as a ragpicker and pretended to sell my first kid to a childless car dealer for a new Impala. When I thought the joke had gone on long enough, I went

back to return the car but the guy had moved. But that wasn't me. That was me as somebody else because I don't believe you can put a cheap value, such as a car, on a human kid."

But life hasn't always been skittles and beer for Tippi. The ravages of childbirth left her with a bad case of personal inflation. It took weeks of painful sit-ups and dieting until Tippi was back to her svelte self again. Misinterpreting the question, "If you had it to do all over again?" she snapped back, "I'd do it all over the mountains and the valleys. I'd do it in coal shutes and in grain elevators. And I do."

It's exactly this sort of energy that Tippi brings to all of her capricious

continued on page 40



MOMMA DON'T ALLOW...

Hints for home or wherever you hang your hat.

I came up with a neat rap I'd like to share with anybody who finds herself in a similar situation. It won't work for everybody, but it's worth a try. The next time you come home at four in the morning with your blouse half open, grass stains on your dress, and your lipstick smeared, and he wants to know "where the hell you been," try telling him you were just raped by men from outer space. If he's as dumb as most of the men I know, not only will he believe it, but he'll probably wind up giving you a grand for a special Martian abortion. But as I said, it might not work for everybody. Good luck.

Sylvia Schmid

LUCK BE A LADY

A lot of NMs find themselves at their wit's end when they first start making book. I know I did, what with all those little pieces of paper you have to keep track of and losing half of them. Well, I found out the best thing to do is go buy yourself a couple of twenty-five-cent composition notebooks and keep them right by the telephone. Clearly label each one with the different sport and that way you'll be sure to pay off the heavy bets as soon as they come in. And then you won't have to spend so much time worrying about having your spine broken because of some stupid lost paper.

Nancy Kagle

DOG DAZE

After I came home from the hospital with the kid, I couldn't help noticing

that my two wirehaired terriers began acting very sickly. I brought them to the vet, but when they were there, they seemed fine and he couldn't find the problem. It took me about a month and a half to figure out what was wrong with them. It was the odor from the baby that was making them sick. If any of you have found this to be a problem, I've come up with a good solution. Buy some kitty litter from the supermarket and mix in a tiny bit of Clorox and pour it into the baby's crib. It worked perfectly for me and now my darling terriers, Mufkie and Pufkie, are as frisky as ever.

Kathryn Binder

SEW WHAT'S NEW

If you've published one hint about cleaning stubborn vomited wine stains out of dresses, you've published a thousand. And I've come up a cropper on every last one of them. I've even tried beating them against rocks and it's been no use. I don't doubt for a minute that it might be the acids in my own stomach that are setting the stain, but nothing seems to work. So I've had to come up with my own solution, and this can be added to the list, making it one thousand and one. I just go to the hem of the dress and cut off a patch and sew it over the mess. I admit it's not the neatest solution, but it's the only one that works for me.

Jean Dowling

SQUARING OFF

If you leave your kids in the playpen

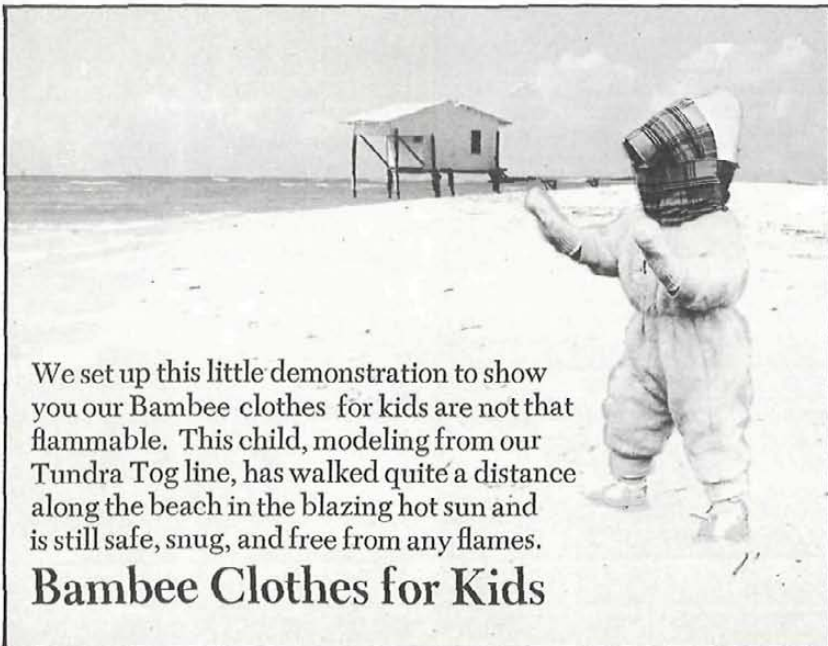
until they're four or five, and then take them out, they can only walk two yards in any one direction before they take a 90-degree left turn. This may not actually qualify as a hint, but I think it's good to know.

Elizabeth Hooper

WE WILL FIGHT THEM ON THE BEACHES


I've been in therapy for a couple of years, and though I can't say that the time has been wasted, I feel I spent much too much of it understanding my problem and not enough solving my problem. Which is, that I'm overwhelmed with impersonal liberal guilt: Vietnam, Hiroshima, Flanders, all of it. I wasn't getting anywhere. And then one day I was sitting in the living room feeling pretty despondent when I noticed my child. Do you remember when people used to say that all babies look like Winston Churchill? Well, mine did. I don't know what came over me, but I jumped up, grabbed the kid, and began demanding to know why he ordered the fire bombing of Dresden. I spent about a half-hour screaming at him, berating him, tossing him around, pleading with him, and then the whole feeling passed from me. I was completely at peace. It was terrific. I can't recommend it enough. If your child looks like Churchill and you have a bone to pick, don't hold back. It's the best thing in the world.

Dolores Knapp



We set up this little demonstration to show you our Bambee clothes for kids are not that flammable. This child, modeling from our Tundra Tog line, has walked quite a distance along the beach in the blazing hot sun and is still safe, snug, and free from any flames.

Bambee Clothes for Kids




L'il Caesar Military Academy

Since 1957

"Give us an infant and we'll give you back a reasonable adult." Coeducational military education from grades pre-nursery through college. L'il Caesar Military Academy is a no-nonsense, eyes front, back straight, stomach in, chest out education with emphasis on the library sciences and guard duty. L'il Caesar Military Academy, c/o Post Office, Wells, Nebraska.

FAIRFAX HALL MILITARY PRISON ACADEMY

FAIRFAX, VIRGINIA

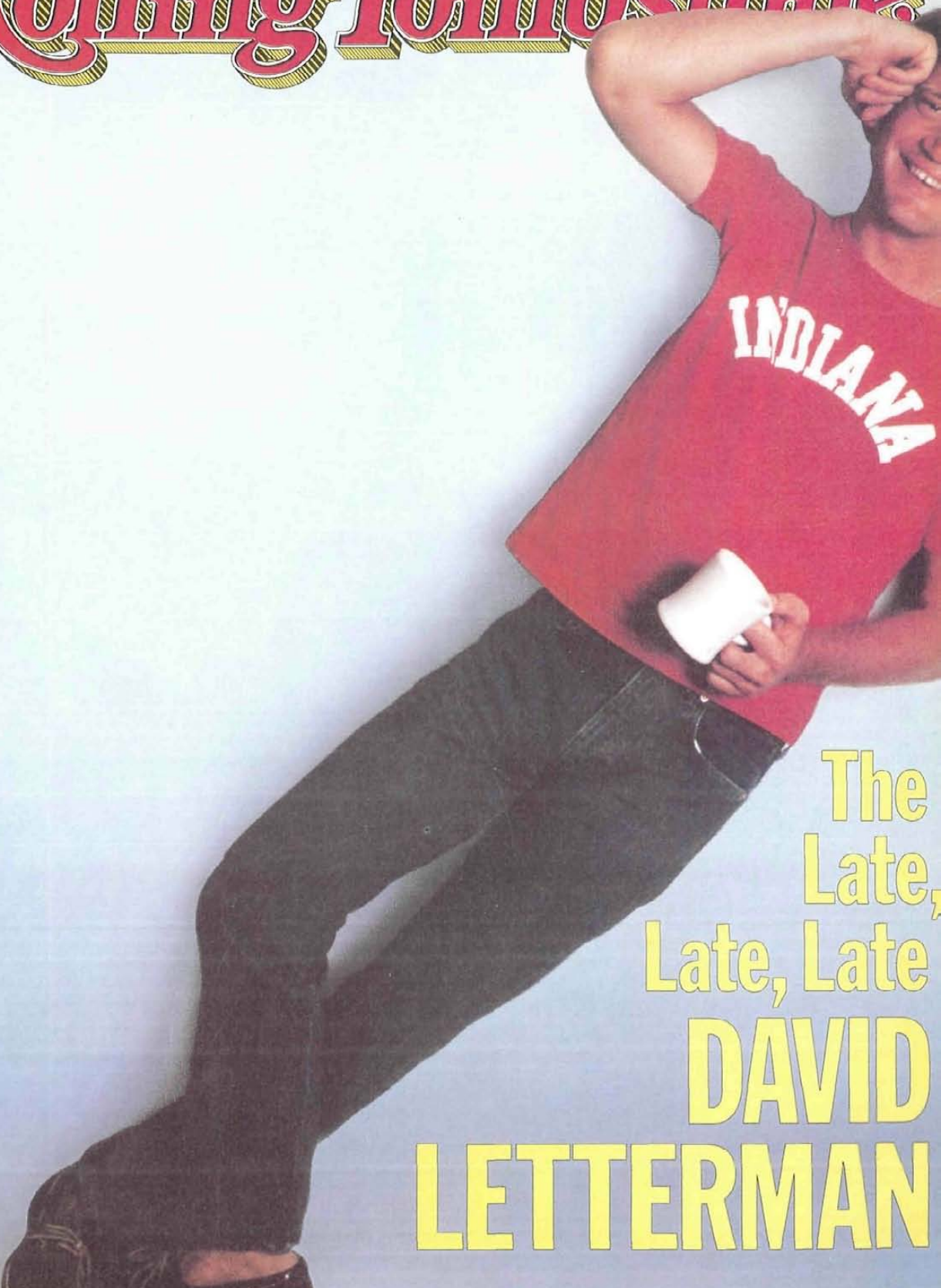


If your little tyke has been naughty and a wap on the bottom doesn't always seem enough, maybe you should turn him over to us. We're specialists in the field of talking good old common sense into children. It's never too soon to instill in a child the values by which our society functions. Our instructors, or "screws," as we jokingly call them, give freely of their time, insuring that each child gets the individual attention he might require. We take pride in nipping problems in the bud, as it were. There is great satisfaction in the fact that not one of our graduates has ever had to be put in a "real" house of detention. Visiting day is every third Sunday from 2:00 P.M. to 4:00 P.M.

Rock Deaths • Celebrity Fatalities • Obscure Sideman Obits

ISSUE NO. 939 • NOVEMBER 1982 • \$1.50 • EAST HAMPTON \$3.00

Rolling Tombstone



The
Late,
Late, Late
**DAVID
LETTERMAN**



Come to think of it,
it was inevitable...

Paul Double Insertion Yoko

Contains
the hit single
"Getting It Both Ways"



Letterman

AS DAVID'S AGENT AND dear, dear personal friend, I want to say that, first of all, he didn't do drugs. Comedy was his drug, okay? Can we let that one go? And, second— Just a minute, I have to take this call. (Okay. Sure. Sure. We'll talk about it at lunch tomorrow. 'Bye.) Anyway, like I was saying, third, I want to mention that thanks to the adoration of his trillions of fans, David lives on, and by that I mean continues to make money. His career has really taken off since his death. Like the song says, he's looked at life from both sides now, and it's really enriched his material. David is a much warmer, funnier person now. In fact, now that he's so-called dead, NBC wants to move him out of late night into prime time. Look, plenty of great stars have brushed with death. Look what it did for Pryor. David took it a critical step further and it made all the difference in the world. How're you going to top an act like his? Wait a sec, I have to take this call. (What? Are you kidding? Hold on.) Listen, I'll get back to you...

MAX ORANGE, AGENT
Beverly Hills, California

I USED TO READ THE 'Stone back in the sixties when it really meant something, man. When it was meaningful. When you could relate to it. I mean, when it was about the movement and rock 'n' roll, man. When you could still get really good fucking acid for seventy-five cents a tab. So, now, everything is kind of a facade today, man. And your fucking magazine is like the facade behind the facade. The essence of it, man, which is the same thing, eventually, at the end as at the fucking beginning, which is what is so incredible about it in the first place, when you see the whole thing sort of glittering in front of you, man—that's the idea, anyway—well, it's just that why does everyfuckingbody in the pictures in your magazine have alligators on their shirts? I could get into it if you had a real live alligator, man, on the cover, wearing a shirt with a person on it. But no. Everybody in your rag is on a preppy trip, or a Hollywood-mogul trip, or a big glamour trip. Some kind

of rich trip, man. What I'm saying is that I myself never wore designer jeans, not even the kind with a scosche more room in the seat. And so what I'm saying is who the fuck is David Letterman? I never saw him at a disarmament march. He doesn't tour with any band. Johnny Carson is more "right on" than this dude, man. This Letter guy is not one of the people, man. He doesn't smoke dope, he doesn't say "fuck," man. He's just another suit, just some straight motherfucker trying to act mellow, man. So what is it with you guys that you don't write about us anymore, man? About the people? We die too.

ROY TRON
Mendocino, California

AS THE ONLY GUEST without a penis ever to appear on the "Late Night with David Letterman" program, I would like to commend you for your noble portrait of this great man. However, I would like to point out a side of David that you overlooked. In addition to being a successful sedative and sexual surrogate for thousands of impotent, frigid, or poorly endowed men and women who watch television instead of having sex (out of their own misplaced sexual identities), David had a talent for bold sexual experimentation that made him an enormously important contributor to the field of sexology. Many people do not realize that this great comic genius was single-handedly responsible for the renaissance of the missionary position in the United States. I have already recommended to my colleagues that this position be renamed the "Letterman position," in recognition of David's personal and longstanding War on Adventure.

DR. RUTH WESTHEIMER,
SEXOLOGIST
New York City

AS EVERYBODY KNOWS, there was much more to David Letterman than anyone knew. I don't just mean the anonymous support he always gave to petitions for good causes, or his reading aloud to the deaf, or stuff like that, but the little, personal things. For instance, if there was this really plain girl he met who had, like, a lousy self-image or something, David was the kind of

guy who'd just call her in the middle of the night and lay some heavy breathing on her, to make her feel wanted for once in her life. And, no matter how big a star he got to be, he was never too stuck up or "busy" to remember people, and say thanks a lot, like to Freddie Silverman, or whomever. That's why we loved him so.

HIS WRITERS
Rockefeller Center, New York

in yr. back pages
are these poems
i guess you call 'em
kinda haiku
flashes insights
invariably by women
& i was wonderin'
are they solicited
do you actually pay
cash money for 'em
or is what we have
here an example of
free
verse?

archie
nyc

I WAS THINKING THE other day (or was it night? I forget) that, like, I mean, hey, since the *National Enquirer* paid me \$5,000 to say I killed one great comic genius, then I could say I, like, killed a lot of other comic geniuses, too. I mean, take David Letterman, for example. My closest friends, like Mick Jagger and Robin Williams, say that your magazine pays good bucks—a lot more than \$15,000 for a big story like that. So, I mean, hey! I was in the Akron, Ohio, Travelodge when David OD'd on No Doz. I could give you a story that would knock your dick in the dirt. And I was also in the condo in Santa Monica when Bill Holden kicked off. And, like, remember Robert and Natalie's yacht off Catalina? When she drowned? I was on deck the whole time. Oh, yeah,

and when Hugh Beaumont bit the big one, well...I was in L.A. then. I know a lot of dead people. I mean, hey! *Rolling Tombstone* really needs people like me. So whaddya say?

CATHY EVELYN
"SILVERBAGS" SMITH
Hollywood, California

ON BEHALF OF MY countrymen, I would like to lodge a protest against your magazine for publishing an article which defames my country. I refer to the article about someone named David Letterman [RTS #939] in which you state that he died because of an overdose of No Doz. While you may find leveling insinuations at Latin American nations amusing, I can assure you that we find such insensitive satire as amusing as saying that Eva Peron died as a result of an overdose of Washington, D.C.

QUAPHINE D'EGSATRIMO,
MAYOR
Nodoz, Argentina

I STRONGLY OBJECT TO the implication in your piece on David Letterman [RTS #939] that no women were ever asked to be on the program. Not true! As a frequent guest on Dave's show who also happens to be a woman, I wish that your writers had done a bit more research on this great comic genius before they made such a grievous error.

GEORGE C. SCOTT
Los Angeles, California

We find it interesting that Mr. Scott reveals himself in such a manner, and at this time of the month, as we go to press. As of this writing, we stand by our story. —Ed.

GEORGE C. replies: I stand by my man.

No way. —Ed.

GEORGE C. replies: No way.

Stop-Press Obit

AS WE GO TO PRESS WE HAVE LEARNED, WITH A shock and dismay, of the deaths of Lenny Bruce, Ralph J. Gleason, Warren G. Harding, General Ulysses S. Grant, and the entire population of Pompeii. You won't want to miss our next special, all-obit collector's edition, in which we interview everybody who might have known anybody who ever died about what they were like, really, and what it all means in the long run, where, in the words of the late John Maynard Keynes, we will all be dead!

David Letterman

A Comedy Genius Is Remembered by Friends, Lovers, Acquaintances, Public-Relations People, Guest Stars, and Other Hangers-on

F

irst Janis. Then Jimi. Then Elvis. Then Natalie. Then Bill. Then John. Then Rainer Werner. Now add the name David Letterman. David died suddenly and tragically last month at the age of thirty-five—too old to have died young, but not too old to not have died at all.

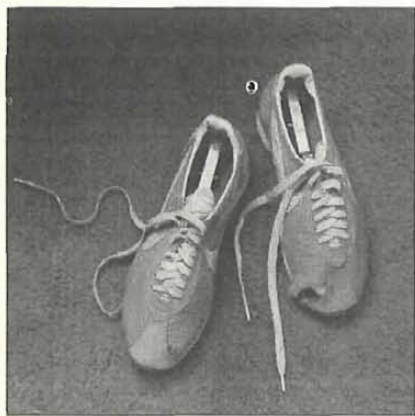
We at Rolling Tombstone mourn the loss of David and ask ourselves along with the rest of America how this captain of merriment could soar so uncontrollably toward the red hot sun of success and plunge in midflight, like a comet, kind of, or perhaps more like the aborted fetus of an eagle cruising high above the plains of ordinary prime-time network fare into the truly deep space of late-night television. How, we ask ourselves, or, more pertinently, why, did this beloved genius succumb to the turbulence of life in the fast lane? (Also: where, when, and who?)

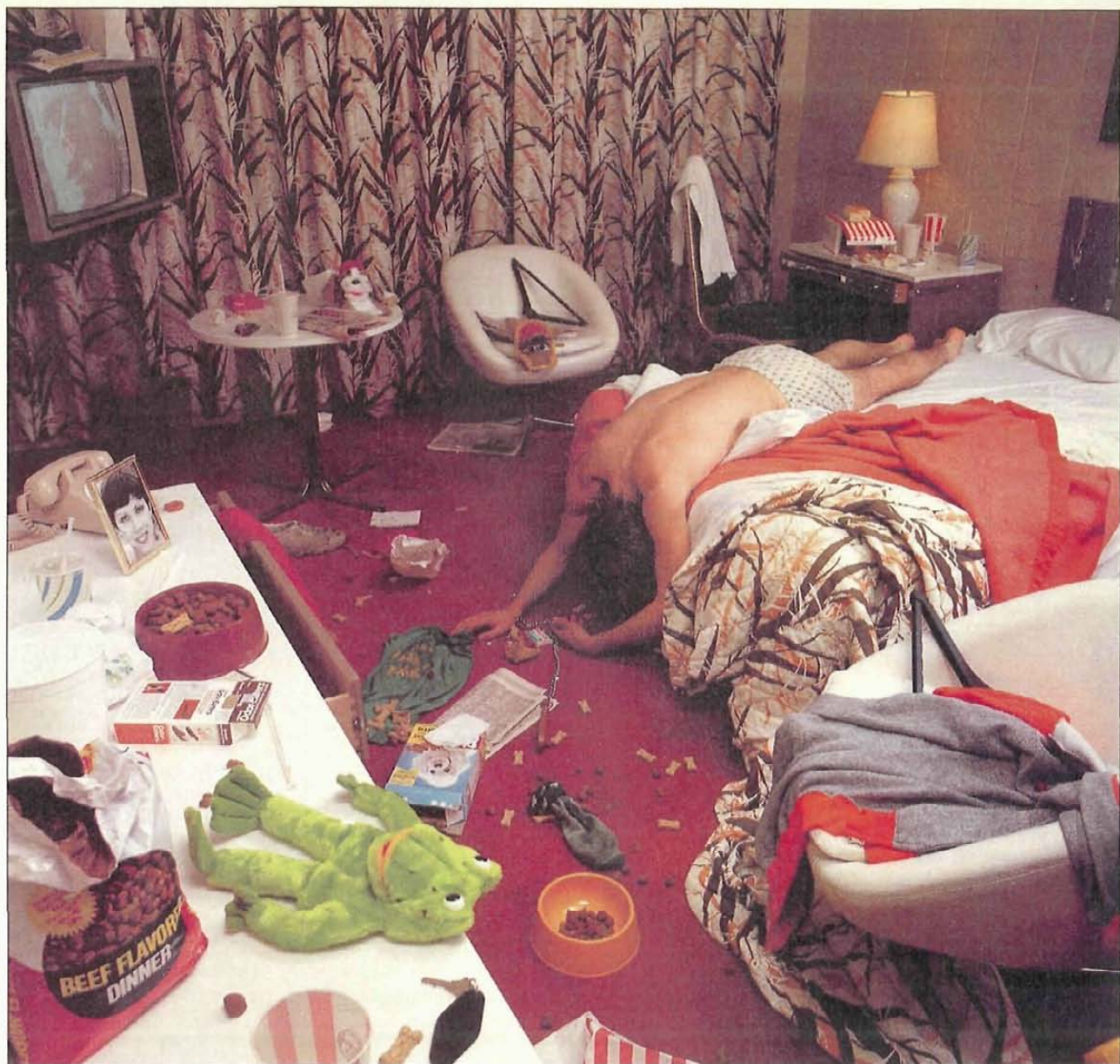
We at Rolling Tombstone deplore the by now ritualistic, sensationalistic coverage that surrounds celebrity dust-biting. As journalists we denounce the smirks and skepticism that attend the term "natural causes." Barely does the phrase trip off a coroner's tongue before media vultures pummel the corpse of the celebrated deceased, strangling his reputation with his own fetid intestines. Molecule by molecule the vultures tore into, first, beloved Janis. Then Jimi. Then Elvis. Then Jim. Then Judy. Then Natalie. Then Bill. Then John. Then Rainer Werner. Now David. They have analyzed over and over again the lurid anatomical details yet have ignored the true legacy of these unbounded spirits... Like Janis. Jimi. Elvis. Jim. Judy. Harry. Jim. Rainer Werner. Romy. Now...beloved David.

Therefore, we deplore such questionable reportage as the following: [New York Post 10/5/82] "David Letterman's nude, mole-ridden, unshaven body was found today in an Akron, Ohio, Travelodge facedown on a shag carpet, his fingernails still growing, nose hairs unclipped, hairy legs and unwashed feet still below his waist; he was nude, cold, dead, with a slightly bluish tint, his lips pulled back over the teeth as though in his final agonizing death throes. Drug paraphernalia littered the bed, whose Magic Fingers were still pulsating, echoing Letterman's death rattle."

We are disgusted by such unconscionable tabloid tactics as those epitomized by this report: [National Enquirer 10/7/82] "Coroner Gucci revealed today the results of the autopsy examination on the body of the late, late, late-night host. The following was found in Mr. Letterman's body: water, magnesium, urine, adrenaline, nitrites, Tylenol, Quaker State 40-weight motor oil, tan and brown fur balls, Tidy Bowl cleaner, Johnson's Baby Shampoo, chocolate Ring Dings with their plastic coverings, K-Y jelly, distilled milk toast with a high percentage of croutons, predigested tied flies, fish emulsion, a 1937 Indian-head penny in mint condition, and an extraordinarily high level—some six hundred times the amount considered safe for teenagers—of No Doz."

It is our hope to find the story behind the story behind the death behind the life of David Letterman. What follows are remembrances of David by his friends, his family, his colleagues, those he made fun with, and of those who know in their heart of hearts that their beloved David is somewhere in the heavens, laughing at them and not with them.





The props of life—on the set of death. An Annie kinda photo. What more need we say?

General Dozier

It was the seventh day of my captivity by the Red Brigade. They had been playing the Blondie album over and over again at 1,000 decibels in the headphones taped to my ears for the past seven hours and I was just getting into it. Chris Stein really is a genius. Suddenly I remembered something Al Haig had said to me. Al had always been a fan of Blondie, even in the early *Plastic Letters* days, before they went MOR. Anyway, Al had told me at one of the first top-secret NATO meetings concerned with the feasibility of locating clusters of multiwarhead missiles in superhardened silos right smack dab in the middle of the Vatican... Ooops, I wasn't supposed to tell anyone that! Now, what was I talking about? Oh, yeah,

superhardened... Boy, was I superhardened when I was in captivity. All those hot Italian commie girls with armpit hair, sticking their tits in my face...they didn't even bother to wear a bra! There's nothing like being tied up and slapped around a little. It's done wonders for my sex life. Anyway, I wanted to tell you about that NATO meeting with Al, where he revealed to those German generals that the good ole USA has even trained a few nukes on European capitals just in case the commies get that far... Ooops! I did it again! Anyway, you should have seen the face on this one German guy. Al said it reminded him of an early Blondie concert, when they were into punk and they used to play small clubs like CBGB's. Al said he saw Debbie when she was really horsing down the 'ludes. He said she passed out onstage. Al said that Debbie on 'ludes and smack, curled in

a heap on the floor, was as exciting as David Letterman on nothing at all! You think of funny things under stress.

Hal Shrimpton

I guess you could say that cutting David's hair is the greatest thing I've ever done. I was a sheep shearer on my dad's farm in Muncie, Indiana. Boy, I sure love sheep. I used to cut guys' hair in the dorm at Ball State University and trim a few poodles at the Poodle Parlor just for a few extra bucks. Well, heck, I guess you could say David discovered me. He sure loved us little people. Yeah, sometimes he made fun of us, like when he made an idiot on TV of that Chinese restaurant owner in New York City because he had a signed picture of

Alan Alda and he didn't even know who Alan Alda was! (Hey, who is Alan Alda anyway?) It sure was funny the way that Chinese guy spoke English—you know, he said "lice" instead of "rice"! What I'm trying to say is that if David didn't make fun of us little people, then who would notice us at all? And deep down inside, well, heck, I just know he really cared.

Merrill Markoe

David loved the first show, the morning show. He really was a morning person. We were always in bed by ten and up by six to feed the



Lil' David was small, but, oh, my!

hogs. As head writer and girl friend, I learned to love David's hours. Some kids, you know, have imaginary friends. David, well, since the age of six, he had an imaginary herd of swine. He had names for all of them too. I didn't mind. I knew it was part of his comic genius. That's partly how he developed his extraordinary rapport with audiences: he treated them just like that herd.

Claus von Bülow

Jann Wenner and I were at Halston's place in the Hamptons just before David Letterman died of natural causes in a non-drug-related incident. David had just agreed to let me be on his show. His death is a great personal loss to me, because those fellows at the William Morris Agency said my being on the show would have done wonders for my appeal. They said David's brilliant comedic technique of humiliating or ignoring his guests would have made a lot of people feel sorry for me.

Johnny Carson

David and I were at a county fair somewhere between Nebraska and Indiana. David was just tossing off one brilliant comedy routine after another. He always liked to try out new material on midwestern hogs. He mentioned this one great bit he had planned for his late-night show where he would floss his teeth in extreme close-up for sixty minutes. Great stuff. The guy *was* comedy. The pigs loved it. As far as they were concerned, I guess, he was one of them.

Hal Shrimpton

When David got big and started appearing on the "Tonight" show with Johnny, he signed me to a lifetime contract. Golly, was I thrilled. How many ignorant sheep shearers do you know who get to go to Hollywood? I'm responsible for giving him that all-important "just cut" look. It wasn't easy to bring out those ears, but I used a little trick I learned from my daddy. I'd stick a dab of chewed tobacco just behind the ear; once it dried, even those hot television lights wouldn't budge it. You just have to watch out for the yellow stains it makes on his suit. David said he had to play up the bumpkin image, otherwise they'd realize what a sophisticated, intelligent guy he really was.

But I always did more for David than just give him that awkward, embarrassed, "I just paid fifty cents for this hair butchering" look. A lot of guys can cut hair with a bowl. No, I was responsible for the secret to his comedy. See, I always left a few freshly cut hairs on his suit and especially in his shirt collar. It always made David uncomfortable. It kept him from being too suave and relaxed and it gave his comedy that crucial edge. That's what made him such a comic genius!

Barry Sand

People close to Dave knew that he had a lot of trouble staying awake past ten at night. That's why he liked being on the air in the morning. But when NBC switched him to late night, as his producer I knew we were going to have trouble keeping this brilliant wit up and alert until 1:30 in the morning. It's kind of ironic, I guess—I mean, here's this late-night comic genius trapped in a suburban commuter's bio-rhythm. Most of the writers and crew are heavily into No Doz. You know writers. But David wouldn't even drink coffee, because he said it was "too exciting." So he stuck to his Ovaltine, and, really, the guy was nodding off

halfway through the show. It was clear that all we needed to do was find time during the show when David could nap. The best times seemed to be during the interviews. You know how vain celebrities are—they just want to talk about themselves. They never noticed that he was asleep. The interviews were the perfect time for David to catch a few winks, so he could be refreshed for the commercials and for his extraordinary prop gags. I mean, if a celebrity wants a hyped-up meth personality who interrupts all the time, let 'im get Tom Snyder.

Divine

Well, dear, I was asked to be on David's show (he was such a comic genius!) because the press had criticized him for not having any women on the show. Well, you know, I had heard all those horrid rumors, you know, that the reason they didn't have any women on the show was because of David's girl friend, Merrill, who was the head writer (by the way, I love that Darth Vader hairstyle she has; I understand that her hairstylist also does Stan's and Bob's hair). One wag said that Merrill had turned down Christie Brinkley, even though she begged to be on. Well, I don't blame her. I'd certainly turn her down myself. Well, honey, I want to say for the record that all those stories are nasty and cheap; David's girl friend treated me like a real woman. And, you know how people talk about David? How he's afraid of women and has trouble talking to them? Well! It's simply not so. He was wonderful with me. I never felt so feminine as when I was with David Letterman!

Brandon Tartikoff

David had a strictly forty-share personality. I knew it the moment he entered my office. Most talk-show hosts actually have to be on television to earn a salary. Not David. He's a comic genius. Early in 1981, we paid him \$25,000 a week regardless of whether he appeared on the



Graduation Day for the cream of the Kansas crop.

air or not. We only pay that kind of money to a few of the comedy greats, like Jean Doumanian, for example. In fact, it was one of the shrewdest programming decisions of the season; we simply paid David and kept him off the air for eight months. This is the kind of programming decision that has made me and NBC great!

I'll tell you one thing: during that time, David turned out some of his funniest television material. I mean, he's no Jean Doumanian, but the guy had us in stitches. Classics! All classics! Too bad only us programming excess on the fourth floor of Rockefeller Center saw it. I mean, few people realize that David Letterman was actually an adept physical comedian; I'd rate him up there with Chaplin and, well, Jean Doumanian. The late-night show never really showed the warmth, humanity, and spontaneity of this great comic personality. People don't realize that David could even be funny *and* nice! Really!

Paul Shaffer

Wow! It's a kick! I love you! David, I think you're fab! I can't believe I've got a job.

Tom Snyder

David Letterman! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! They thought he could do better in my time slot by making fun of stupid dry cleaners, Middle American hicks, and Chinese restaurateurs than I did humiliating transvestites, drug addicts, and Charlie Manson! Boy, they sure cooked a goose with that one, ha, ha, ha, ha! The affiliates are still dropping like flies, ha, ha, ha, ha! Extravaganza? Hell, if you don't mind my using that word here, and I guess I'll use it anyway...no! The "Tomorrow" show would have worked if they had let me and Nancy Friday have our way with each other, ha, ha, ha, heh, heh, heh...Besides, Nancy's haircut was better! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Francis Ford Coppola

Asan auteur I enjoy appearing on television, even though the resolution is not as high as in film and the framing varies from monitor to monitor and they won't let me control the color and pedestal. People tend to run their set too red and my complexion isn't that good in red, but I've been talking with these Japanese investors about a new wide-screen system that will revolutionize the industry. It costs a lot of money and it combines the excitement of videogames, the epic grandeur of Kubrick's early work, and the importance of American life, especially *Italian-Americans*, and naturally it's filled with compassion and heart and *Teri Garr*. It's certain to make more money in the long run than anything *Spielberg* and *Lucas* are doing now, which is basically adolescent kids stuff, and besides we have fee-veerights plus foreign pay-vee and pay-per-view rights with a wider range of foreign investors. If anybody wants to be an investor, I'm selling coupons on the David Letterman show the next time I'm on and I'll explain in detail with storyboards and...What do you mean, he's dead?

Diane von Furstenberg

I was at Diana Vreeland's house in the Hamptons; we had just come from Jann Wenner's party for Caroline Kennedy. I think Jann's fondness for her proves that he really understands the youth movement in this country. He even let Caroline do the photos for the big Sunny von Bülow interview in the *Rolling Tombstone* Christmas special. Caroline looked terrible, though. Too bad she doesn't have her mother's figure or tolerance for drugs. And her hair looks like, well, like David Letterman's, if you want to know the truth.

Merrill Markoe

David had a great idea in one of our meetings. It's really a tribute to his understanding of conceptual comedy. He wanted to book the March of Dimes mascot—the little girl in the wheelchair, you know?—and have the whole "Late Night" audience laugh and make fun of her. You can get away with that kind of thing on late-night TV.

Grant Tinker

David and I were in the NBC commissary humiliating waitresses one evening. He got such a kick out of it. It really helped him stay awake. We were talking about interview styles. He always had his imaginary herd of swine with him by that time. I realized how incredibly committed this nouveau comic genius was to the future of American television. I mean, he was *deeply* concerned about the fact that he was so much more interesting than the guests they booked on his show. He and I wound up staying up real late that night—almost till 11:30—and we came up with a way to improve the show. We were just about to put the new improvements into effect when David died of natural causes. Starting this month every show would have had a different host. It didn't matter who it was, because the guest *star* of every show would have been David. Different celebrities would all have interviewed David, and he would have been spared the agony of talking about someone besides himself. It's tragic that this sensitive, innovative genius is no longer with us. He was so brilliant that, well, I was almost going to compare him to Jean Doumanian. We at NBC do expect to keep paying David \$25,000 a week. Why kick a guy when he's down?

Hal Shrimpton

I was more than his barber. I was his friend. There were lots of those nights when David was having trouble staying awake (he never fell asleep during my haircuts 'cause I used to tell him jokes, a lot of which he even used on his show!). In Indiana we usually went to bed around ten. The only really exciting thing about Ball State was the name, so we would sit around and do a little No Doz. Not a lot, just a tab now and then to get a buzz. David would

never just get high. He just wasn't that kind of guy. I guess you would say he'd get "elevated" somewhat. I could tell, because he'd start razzing me about my mom being so sick and about how she was no better than the sheep I sheared on the farm—you know, that kind of stuff.

When we moved to New York, he'd call me up at five in the morning and tell me what a slob I was, how I was just an insignificant Middle American creep who was only worth ridiculing. Heck, I knew he had a few boxes of the "Doz." But I knew it was mostly because of the pres-



Even movie stars were shocked!

sure of earning \$25,000 or \$30,000 a week.

Of course there was that time he came over to the house and barfed on the Castro Convertible. While I got him some more No Doz, he'd rearrange all my records from loud to soft and then play the Strawberry Alarm Clock album over and over again real loud, especially "Incense and Peppermints." God, he loved that one. My mom was really sick at the time. She lived with me then. It sure was hard for her to sleep. But I know David didn't mean her any harm. Heck, he used to drag her to the studio in the middle of the night, dress her up as a bag lady, and ask her questions about where the best places were for bums to sleep in Grand Central Station. She was a riot, talking with a fever and everything. She'd do anything for David. He'd make it up to her by getting her a couple of free tickets to an Engelbert Humperdinck concert at the Hollywood Bowl. Too bad we lived in New York at the time.

Epilogue

We could go on and on. David Letterman's legacy is like the proverbial bottomless cup of (decaffeinated) coffee. Those media vultures who scrounge amid the discarded grounds rather than savor the brew while it lasts should be lined up end to end and stripped of their chops. We detest what they did to Janis, Jimi, Otis, Elvis, Judy, Jim, Jean, Natalie, Rainer Werner, Nat, and Romy. David Letterman means much more to us now that he is gone. Funny, isn't it? We at *Rolling Tombstone* will continue to write about this comic genius wherever he may be, for here was a man with a heart as big as the space between his teeth. □



Harris in concert: hold the flowers.

Raven-tressed songbird croaks

Emmylou Harris, featured in last month's Sympathy Notes when busted for loitering in front of a band, has checked into the Gram Parsons wing of Joshua Tree Memorial, complaining of "symptoms of death." Doctors report, however,

that Emmylou's hair and fingernails continue to grow, and that her singing is as gutsy and exciting as always. The Harris family has requested that in lieu of sending flowers, people go out and buy her records. Willie Nelson has been signed to play the funeral.

Beyond criticism

In the wake of Lester Bangs's sudden demise, a heavy toll was taken this month of other aging rock writers. First the body of Robert Christgau was found, decomposed more than usual, in his Greenwich Village loft. Coroner lists probable cause of death as "choking on a blunt object." Big turnout at the Christgau farewell, highlighted by Christgau's appearance in a three-star casket. Fellow critic cum screenwriter cum groupie Cameron Crowe hopped into the coffin for a final few minutes alone with Bob. "It was neat," said little Cam.

Within days, the rock world was further shocked to hear news of the death of the pope of pop crit, Nik Cohn. Ironically, Nik expired upon actual completion of an article, his first-person account of his own death, which was

penned for simultaneous publication in *New York*, *Vogue*, and *Tiger Beat* magazines, and for the Stigwood organization. A crowd estimated to be "in the thousands" attended the obsequies; it was made up, for the most part, of editors to whom Nik the Quick owed pieces, and his many, many putative heirs. According to superagent Sue Mengers (unable to attend the services in person, due to the narrow doors), Cohn's death "has left dozens of movie deals in limbo."

NEEDLE DROPS

Fire still out

A guy walked into L.A.'s Tower Records last month claiming to be Jim Morrison. Had everybody fooled, until Doors drummer Robby Krieger, spotted scarfing a taco across the Strip, came over to make a positive identification. "Not Jim," said Krieger. Oh, well...

Boss sounds

Bruce Springsteen has signed a megabucks pact to die soon, young and tragically. John Hammond, who *hondled* the contract for Arista, explains, "He came into my offices coughing and wheezing and moaning. I'd never heard anything like it. We rushed right over to Folk City, where some of the greatest acts have died, and Bruce showed me what he could do. I said, 'Do it for me. Please.'"

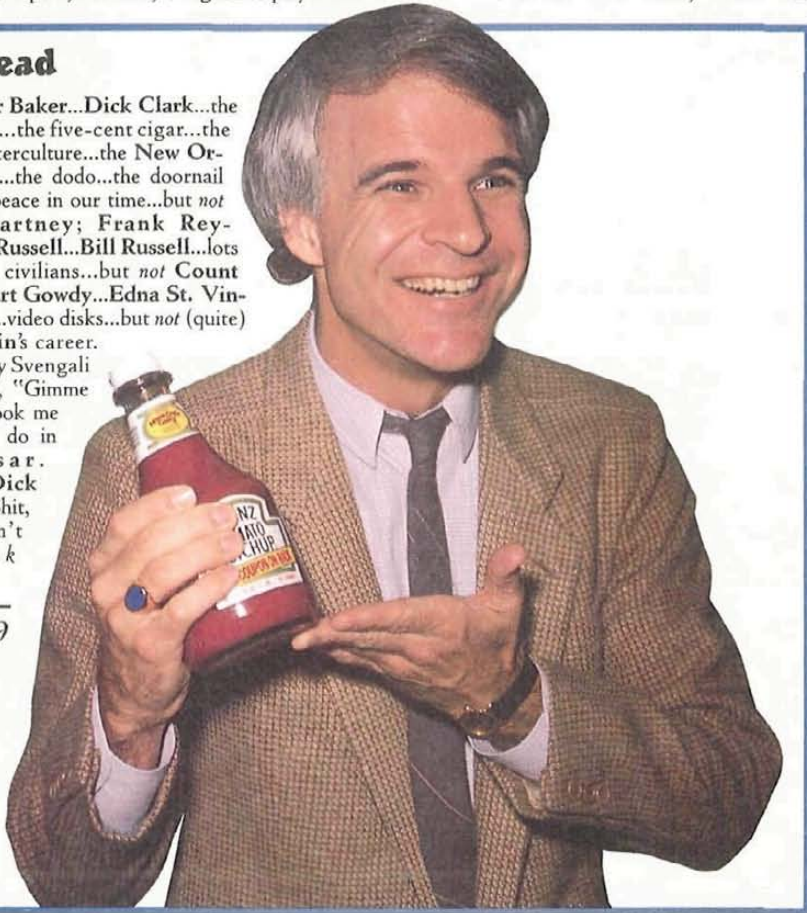
Devil of a deal

Don "Mephisto" Kirshner, acting through the intercession of "very close, very personal friends in hell," has signed the following acts to complete afterlifetime contracts: Mickey Rooney, Leif Garrett, Rick Springfield, Merv Griffin, the entire cast of "Flamingo Road," and Cher. "We would have signed Bob Seger, too," says Demoniac Don, "but after weeks of research, we concluded he didn't have any soul."

Still dead

Ginger Baker...Dick Clark...the ERA...the five-cent cigar...the counterculture...the New Orleans Saints...the dodo...the doornail...the duck...peace in our time...but *not* Paul McCartney; Frank Reynolds...Ken Russell...Bill Russell...lots of Lebanese civilians...but *not* Count Dracula; Curt Gowdy...Edna St. Vincent Millay...video disks...but *not* (quite) Steve Martin's career. (Says comedy Svengali Carl Reiner, "Gimme a break. It took me five years to do in Sid Caesar. Seven for Dick Van Dyke. Shit, Steve doesn't even drink yet.")

A mild and lazy guy: Steve not wearing plaid, and still not dead.



Paper money

Popular playboy, patrician publisher, and pitchman George Plimpton, whose exercise in patronizing necrophilia, *Edie*, is a hardcover blockbuster, has been sued for divorce by his unusually goofy socialite spouse, Freddy, who is claiming Plimpton's "obviously being dead" as her grounds. Shrieks Freddy to Elaine's insiders, "Compared to George, even Atari is pretty lifelike!"

Plimpton: playing dead?

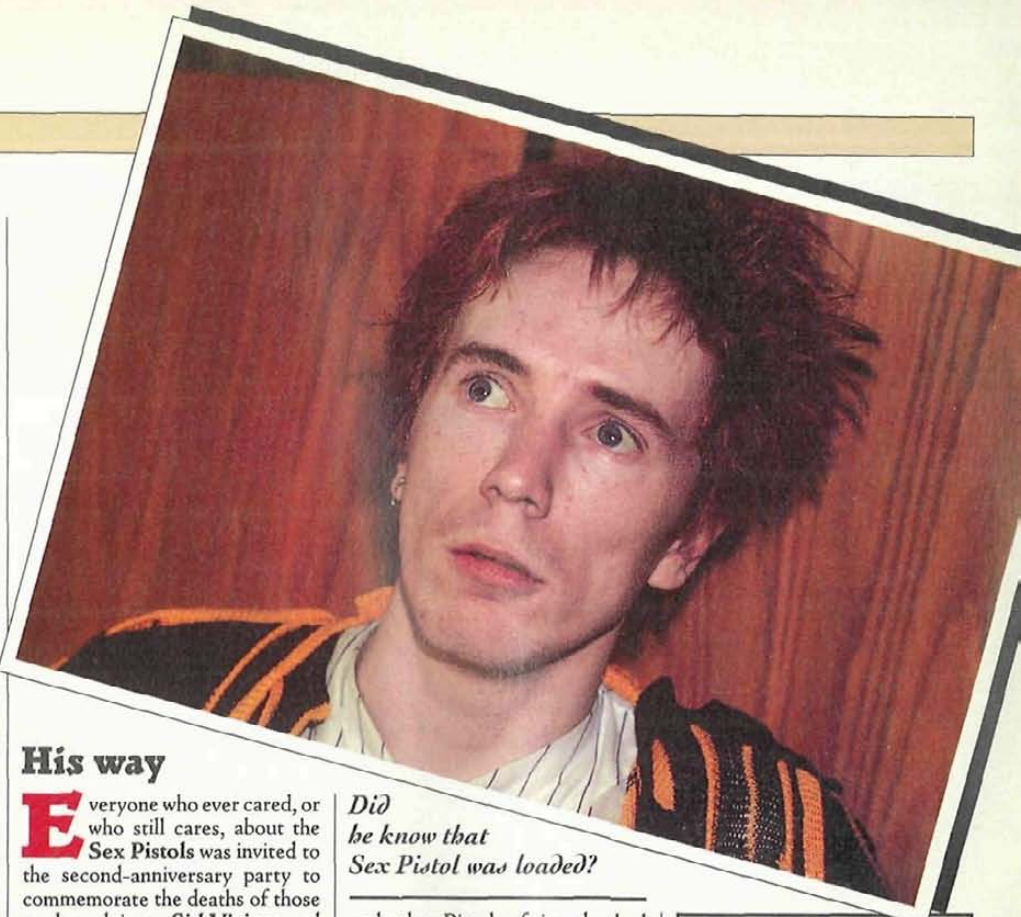


His way

Everyone who ever cared, or who still cares, about the Sex Pistols was invited to the second-anniversary party to commemorate the deaths of those punk-rock icons Sid Vicious and Nancy Spungeon. Thousands of sulking, crew-cut teenage girls, former roadies, beautiful people,

Did he know that Sex Pistol was loaded?

and other Pistols aficionados had been expected. Johnny Rotten celebrated the occasion by killing himself in the empty gymnasium.



LAST WORDS

"Pudgy, once-popular pugilist Gerry Cooney, on his pudgy, once-popular pianist look-alike Billy Joel: 'We both love to go to funerals. I guess that's why we still live on Long Island.'"

—'PEOPLE' MAGAZINE

"The Grateful Dead, mostly still alive, recently assured their fans, 'We're working on it.'"

—SOMEONE WHO WAS ACTUALLY THERE

"Paul 'Climbin' Simon, in studio (with Phil Ramone producing the new album, *Requiem for a Couple of Lightweights*), on why he has reunited with Art Garfunkel: 'Artie called me up and suggested playing one of our old rockin' album cuts at seventy-eight rpm. It sounded real pretty...like a dirge, you know? That's when I knew Artie still had it.'"

—A CLOSE PERSONAL FRIEND OF PHIL'S

Back from the dead: *Ray Davies, composer, vocalist, and leader of the legendary Kinks, has emerged from another bout of self-imposed obscurity to insist that, not only is he not dead, he intends to live for a very long time, due to the fact that he doesn't touch women.*



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THE ENERGY CRISIS: WAS IT SUMMER BROWNOUTS THAT WRECKED MY 6-DROOM AIR-CONDITIONER?/THAT FUNNY LUMP ON MY THROAT: SWOLLEN GLAND OR PRELUDE TO DOOM?/DECORATING TIPS: THE DEN—TO PANEL OR NOT TO PANEL/THE DAY I SIDESWIPED A CHEVY NOVA ON GRANT ST.—AT LAST, THE FULL STORY CAN BE TOLD/WINTER FASHIONS: CLOTHES MY WIFE BOUGHT ME/CHRISTMAS GIFT PREVIEW: WILL WHAT I WANT AND WHAT I GET BE TWO DIFFERENT THINGS AGAIN THIS YEAR?



Who Reads **ME**?

I'm not just a face in the crowd—I'm an individual, with my own personal style, my own special tastes, my own unique outlook on life. I'm forty-seven years old (I just had a birthday in November), I'm married (to the former Miss Helen Kramer of Indianapolis), and I have 3.0 children (Walter Jr., Frank, and Jane). I'm college educated (Ball State) and a decision-maker (Assistant District Sales Manager, Elkhart Steel Tubing). I have an annual income of \$17,350.00 (not counting a Christmas bonus—it should be a fat one this year!). Last year, I spent nearly \$4,000 on food, \$1,100 on apparel, \$800 on home related purchases, \$400 on liquor, \$850 on insurance, \$1,000 on travel and entertainment, and \$175 on cigarettes (I'm thinking of switching brands.) Within the last six months, I purchased a major appliance. Right now I'm in the market for a new air-conditioner. And one of these days soon I'll be looking for a new car.

If you want to reach me, Mr. Media Buyer, you'll find me reading the only magazine written for me—whether it's a new recipe for one of my favorite foods, or a handy tip on how to fix that wet spot in the basement behind the furnace, or a political column that reflects my point of view for a change. And remember, when you advertise in *ME*, you're not scattering your advertising dollar—you're going straight into one market, with proven purchasing power and high reader loyalty.

So if you want me, get *ME*.

ARNHOLT REPORT

IN THE REGION. It's too early to tell, but the South Bend—Elkhart area could be **hit hard** this winter if predictions of oil and natural gas shortages come true. Now's the time to **plan ahead**. That old forced-air oil burner system that Bill Fessenden always made fun of could turn out to be a blessing in disguise—**worst squeeze** is expected in natural gas supplies. Fessenden may be laughing out of **the other side of his mouth** when he has to come over both to warm up and cook. But don't take any chances. Call up Pete at Buckeye Oil and make it clear that as a **lodge brother** he has an obligation to see that the Best People on Earth stay warm this winter, **no matter what**.

Liberal loonies are still pressing for bussing of Negroes, or whatever they're calling themselves these days, from South Bend **into Elkhart schools**. Ezra Taft Benson School is on their list. You have known several colored people and you'd be the first to say they're **fine folks**, but this is just a case of **too far too fast**. **Important persons** who have studied this question agree the Negroes are better off among **their own kind**, where they feel more comfortable and are able to learn a **useful trade** that will stand them in good stead in future years. Also there is no sense **beating around the bush**—it is a known fact that many Negroes are **dope fiends** and **slow learners**. This should be the **major topic** for the P.T.A. this year.

The Business Outlook. Pete Scarborough is getting a little **too big for his britches** since he was made Vice-President in charge of operations. It's time someone **brought him down a peg**. The importance of a job is not just its **title**—it's the way the individual fits into the overall **performance picture**. Let's face it—without a **strong sales force** that knows how to keep key government contracts **locked up**, there wouldn't be much in the way of operations for anyone to be Vice-President in charge of.

Miss Freylinghausen is a **very attractive young lady**, and in spite of the fact that she may not be as speedy a typist or as organized as some of the other girls, she lends a much needed dose of **cheeriness and pep** to the whole office. Choosing her as your personal secretary was a **wise move** in view of the importance of **impressing prospective clients** with the fact that Elkhart Steel Tubing is **one happy family**.

It's time Mr. Bremmerton recognized that the **cost of living** and **prices in general** have been going only one way—**up**. While **greedy unions** have been getting **exorbitant wage increases** at gunpoint, key executives, particularly in the **vital sales department**, have been overlooked. These individuals would be hard to replace, and it is fortunate for the company that their **sense of loyalty** is as strong as it is.

ON THE HOME FRONT. **Budget-busting expenditures**, particularly in the area of **clothing**, unnecessary **household purchases**, and **extravagance** by younger members of the family have got to stop. It's definitely time for some **belt-tightening** right across the board. The "old man" isn't **made of money**, and everyone will have to get on his

or her kiddy cart and **do their part** to keep expenses in **line**.

One place where a little **consideration** by others would go a long way is in the **bathroom**. It is **no fun** to find it literally **awash**, with damp towels stuffed into the racks, the sink **strewn** with cosmetics and shaving gear, and the tub **grimy**. This is the one room all members of the family must share; it is up to all to keep it in **tip-top shape** for the next person using it.

LETTERS

Clothes Call

• In "What I'll Be Wearing, A Fall Fashion Preview," in the September issue, you stated that I have "two pairs of brown loafers, one of them badly in need of half-soleing" and also made reference to a "grey houndstooth jacket with leather elbow patches." Just to set the record straight, I took the pair of loafers in question to the Shoo-In Shoe-Shop on Wannamaker St., about two weeks ago, and one of the employees at that establishment pronounced them "unrepairable," at which point I discarded them. I have not yet purchased a pair of shoes to replace them, but I agree that "something dressier" would round out my wardrobe.

I have looked in my closet and cannot find the houndstooth jacket (It was mentioned as possible "attire for casual outings.") It is quite possible that my wife gave it to the Salvation Army people after reading the "For Your Wife Only" column in the August issue entitled "Walter's Closet: When in Doubt, Throw it Out."

Incidentally, I was pleased to have been chosen the Best Dressed Arnholt again this year.

Walter J. Arnholt
Elkhart, Ind.

Shelve It?

• I'd like to add a note to the plans given for building my own bookshelves in August's "Wally's Workshop." Although the $\frac{3}{4}$ " boards are plenty strong to hold most books and decorative objects, it turns out they can't support a complete set of the World Book Encyclopedia. (Come to think of it, not quite complete, as this reader remembers from "The Great Book Hunt: Where is PQ?" in ME, Nov., 72.) What happens is the **nails—2" finishing**—tend to pull out at the ends and the wood splits. I found however that a 6" piece of 1x2" wood nailed under the shelves will do the trick.

All in all, looking back on it I think screws would have been a better choice. I haven't gotten around to making the spice rack (June, 73) but when I do, I think I'm going to go ahead and use screws.

Walter J. Arnholt
Elkhart, Ind.

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C. Total paid circulation	1	1

At Home with Walter Arnholt

After putting in a day at the office, Walter Arnholt goes home. Home is a pink and white split level ranchette in the Breezycrest Knolls development in Elkhart. "I'm usually home by 5:20," says Arnholt. "It takes about fifteen minutes door to door. But sometimes I don't get home until 5:30 or later because I have to go through the downtown traffic. I can't wait until they finish that downtown Elkhart Bypass. It'll be a Godsend."

The Arnholts like to eat dinner as soon as Walter arrives. "I'm a meat and potatoes man myself, but with meat prices being what they are Helen is making our dollars stretch with some very creative tuna dishes. I never knew tuna could be prepared so many tasty ways. The kids and I think we're eating chicken or turkey."

After dinner Walter likes to read the evening paper and watch TV. The Arnholts usually watch TV in the living room on their RCA Home Entertainment Center. But almost every night at eight the "Arnholt Civil War" starts. "I'll want to watch 'Adam-12' and the kids will want to watch 'Sonny and Cher' and Helen would rather watch something else," said Arnholt. "So Helen kicks me into the den and the kids go into their rooms. Of course, we both like to watch the 'Lucy Show' and 'Marcus Welby.' She says she likes 'Maude,' 'Sanford and Son,' and 'Carol Burnett.' I don't always get the jokes on these shows."

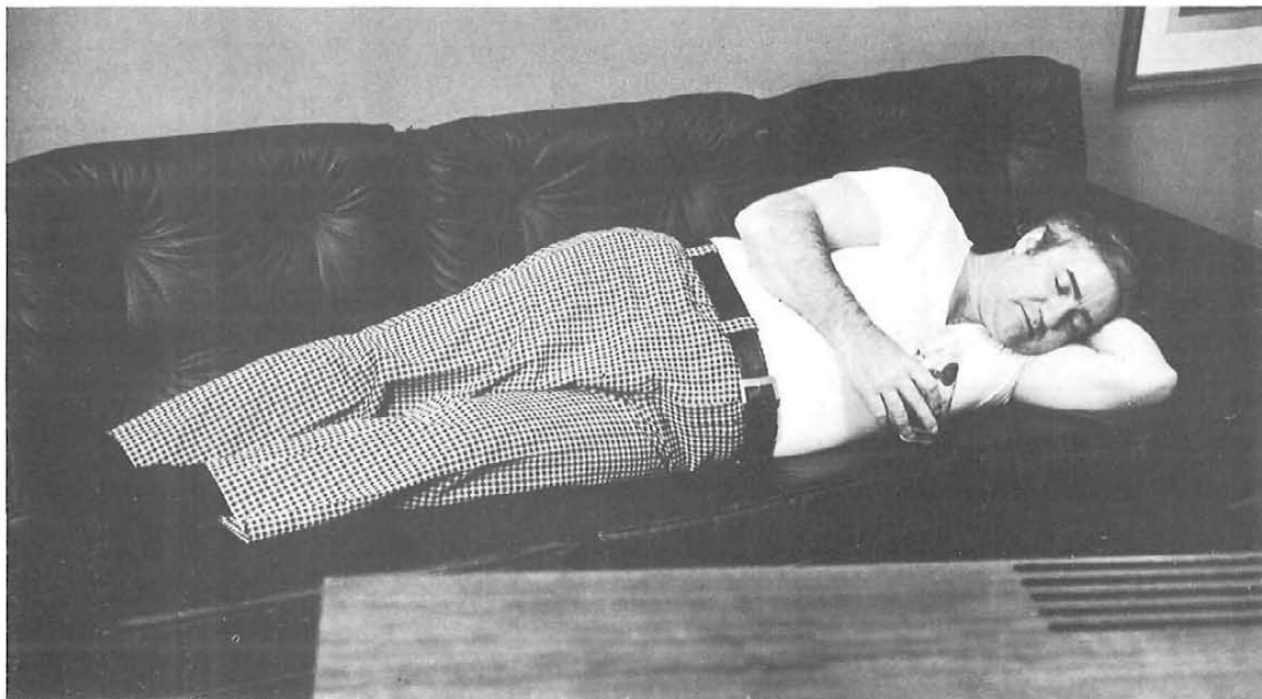
Almost every night about 9:20 or 9:30 Helen will peek into the den and find Walter fast asleep. "He looks so peaceful and relaxed while all that violence is happening on the TV screen," says Helen. "I hate to poke him and wake him up."

"I'm not asleep at all," chuckles Walter. "I'm just resting my eyes after a hard day's work." About ten or so Walter has to fight off the temptation for a snack. "Helen keeps kidding me about the Battle of the Bulge," said Walter. "I'm just a few pounds overweight. Nothing I can't trim off. It's those meatless dinners that make me hungry a few hours later. If I don't get a sandwich or something, Helen will complain about my stomach growling and gurgling and keeping her awake all night."

Thursday: Walter in the Kitchen

Every Thursday Walter and Helen do the weekly shopping at the local Safeway. They share Walter's weekly joke. "My wife is a magician at the supermarket," said Walter. "I give her fifty dollars and she makes it disappear." They like to do the shopping early to avoid the late evening crowds, so Walter drives right over to the market from the office and Helen takes the station wagon from home. "It sounds a little inconvenient, using two cars . . . but actually, we find that we now have extra storage space in case we buy something bulky like lawn furniture or barbecue equipment," says Walter.

Thursday night is Walter's turn to cook. "I've always liked to fool around in the kitchen," he said. "My specialty is franks and beans. Sometimes if I don't feel like cooking we go to the local McDonald's or to the Steak 'n Cake. Even with restaurant prices being what they are, I say it's worth it for Helen's sake alone . . . to get her out of the kitchen."



"I don't really doze off when I'm watching TV, but sometimes I rest my eyes."

Franks and Beans
à la Arnholt

(serves 5)

2 packages of franks water for boiling
3 large cans of baked beans mustard

Boil your franks the way you usually do, but add 3 tablespoons of mustard to the water. Just before the franks look ready pierce them with a fork and let the mustard-flavored water get into the franks. Heat your beans and serve with plenty of catsup and chili sauce, and with mustard on the side for your franks.



"It's the mustard in the boiling water that does the trick—everyone puts mustard right on their franks, but I like to put a little in the water."

The Arnholts don't entertain as much as they used to. "With food prices going up the way they are you've got to be a sultan to afford entertaining," said Walter. "We're more coffee and cake types now rather than giving big dinners. Not that we stint. Helen will have her friends over for lunch and canasta and, of course, we still entertain our close friends and a few of my business associates. And there's Helen's mother, Cora, who usually drops over every Sunday."

Decorating with the Arnholts

Walter Arnholt leaves all the decorating decisions to his wife Helen. "Helen has wonderful taste and is really quite a decorating buff," he said. "She's taken some decorating courses from the DeSoto Correspondence School and is always getting those home life magazines. Of course, she always consults me because I'm the one who writes the checks. I keep telling her I have writer's cramp but she won't go for the gag."

Their kitchen is a pleasant study in knotty maple, with wood-like formica-topped tables and chairs and a vinyl floor covering in Armstrong's "Valenciaga" pattern. Their dining-living room continues the Moorish Mediterranean motif in warm tones of brown and gold, with brown wall to wall carpeting flecked with swirling gold patterns throughout.

Helen is fond of wall-to-wall carpeting because "I love to walk around the house with my shoes off and to sink my toes into that plushy carpeting." She even collects

carpet remnants. "They're very cheap to buy—you know, broadloom odds and ends, little pieces, floor samples, closeouts. I cut them into pretty shapes and someday I'm going to decorate one of our bedroom walls with an entire wall arrangement of these different carpet pieces. Actually, I got the idea from *Family Circle* or *Good Housekeeping*."

At the moment it looks like curtains for the Arnholts. Helen Arnholt is on a curtain spree, replacing lots of their old ones. Her problem: where to use synthetic fabrics and where to use cottons and velvets. "With the kids grown up and fairly neat, I can afford to use velvets in the living and dining rooms," she said. "But they are such a bother to maintain and fiberglass is so easy to clean. Whenever I ask Walter for his opinion he says, don't ask me—I just write the checks."

The only room where a running battle takes place is Walter's den. "Helen has been after me for years to throw out the old chairs and stuff and get some new furniture. And she's always showing me cute decorating schemes for doing the den over. Well, that's when I get out my plans for building a little bar and putting in the knotty pine wall paneling—it's a pretty big job and I never seem to have the time."



"A misprinted matchbook like this could be worth a nice piece of change some day."

Weekends with the Arnholts

On weekends Walter has "a thousand and one little things to do." "There's always something to be done around the house, or with the lawn. And the kids always want me to drive them someplace or Helen wants to drag me to a store. If I can find the time I like to relax in the den with a good football game on TV. Maybe have a beer." "He's usually fast asleep by four," said Helen. "It's his regular Saturday afternoon nap and three or four beers."

Walter's hobby is collecting matchbooks. "I must have over five thousand of them by now," he said. "Every once in a while I get energetic and start a filing system for them, but it just gets to be too much. I've got them all over the place and sometimes people use them, not realizing that they're part of my collection. I've got some old ones for some lumber yards and fuel companies that must be worth quite a bit. Once in a while I call a fellow in Terre Haute who has a big collection and we make a few trades. He's got an old Lucky Strike matchbook with a misprint . . . a real collector's item."

ARNHOLT'S ALLEY

In the Stars

Gemini (May 20-June 21). Jupiter is in a cusp with Uranus—a good sign for travel. Drive over to Fort Wayne to see Bob Newhouse or maybe take the kids to Chicago to see the German submarine at the Museum of Science. But better have the car looked at first—that puvva-puvva noise could mean a loose cylinder head or trouble with the linkage.

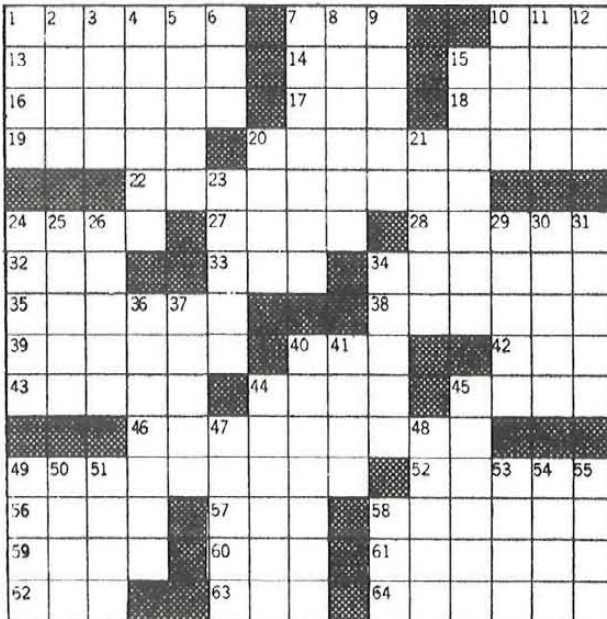
Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Bill P.'s dog
7. Grandma's favorite
10. What the Mrs. lost
13. Vernon drinks it
14. In the attic, but it used to be in the hall
15. Wait, Jr.'s first word
16. Kitchen clock is always
17. Kind of tree in yard
18. Helen's maiden name
19. Your breakfast fare
20. You voted for him in '64.
22. Green stamp item
28. He just made V.P.
32. An uncle's initials
35. Needs painting again?
38. River on the way to Ed's
39. Not your brand of smokes
40. They clinched the league in '36
42. High school chum
43. It was a lemon
44. Charley's nickname
45. Second wd. of "your song"
46. Spent a week there in '65
46. Where were the cufflinks?
49. They visited last Xmas
52. -----'s Sip 'n' Sup
56. On the blink since Feb.
57. New carpet color
58. Ave. in Ft. Wayne
59. Sock hue
60. Who said "Oh, fub-a-dubl"?
61. Garbage day
62. Your college frat (abbr.)
63. Wake-up radio station
64. Wife says she needs a new one

DOWN

1. Six of them in living room
2. The one about the 2 rabbis
3. Tuna -----
4. Neighbors in Moline
5. Favorite T.V. M.D.
6. If not hers, then ----
7. Sturgis is one.
8. Table feature
9. Forbidden cake flavor
10. Eatery on Tri-State Tollway
11. Lodge brother
12. Trouble with tub
15. Soft-drink preference
20. Fridge name
21. His Honor in Elkhart
23. P.T.A. head
24. Big month for birthdays
25. In right pants pocket
26. Poison ivy spot
29. Spent time in Army there
30. He drills and fills
31. He moved to Chi
34. "The beer with a ----"
36. Roof material
37. ----- McPherson
40. Never use it twice
41. Quickest route to 7-11.
44. Insurance man
45. Sandwich component
47. Sofa fabric
48. Coming up soon, you hope
49. No. of phones in the house
50. Frank's current fad
51. Pet word for spouse
53. Basement needs it
54. Next time, ----- it.
55. Turns out she didn't.
58. He fixes auto.



The Joke's on Me!

A man's home is his hassle!

ME: Isn't that a new dress? How much did it cost?

SHE: Seventy-five dollars.

ME: Seventy-five dollars?!!

SHE: Don't worry, it was old money!

My wife looks like a million dollars—All green and wrinkled!

There's nothing like a good cup of coffee—and what my wife makes is nothing like a good cup of coffee!

I told you I could balance the budget, Walter. Look, I've paid all the bills and there are still three checks left!

MY FRIEND: Does your wife pick your clothes?

ME: No, just the pockets.

REVIEW

Our Trip to Colorado Last Summer,

1972, 34 min, W. J. Arnolt, prod. With Walter J. Arnolt, Helen Arnolt, Frank, Jane, and Walter Jr., and introducing Prince, the cocker spaniel. * * Arnolt has used the documentary form before (most notably in *Frank's First Steps* and *A Day at the Beach*), but his latest oeuvre demonstrates that his grasp of the medium has matured and deepened. Gone are overly romantic fuzzy focuses and dropped cameras, the deliberate shots of the sun, the quick, almost brutal, breaks in the film. Instead, in *Colorado* there is a kind of lyrical tranquility, a feeling that Arnolt is ready to accept the vicissitudes of life as given quantities. The almost pastoral footage out the side window of the car on the road up Pike's Peak bear witness to this new repose, for as the scene suddenly shifts in one of those lighting quick cuts that are Arnolt's trademark, we see Helen at the wheel of the family "buggy," confident, determined, and calm—in short, a far different Helen from the excitable flibbertigibbet of *Helen's Driving Lesson* (1961). Later, as Frank, Jane, and Walter, Jr. cavort at the (symbolic?) summit of the peak, Arnolt lets the camera drift lazily from figure to figure, from the majesty of the horizon to his own right shoe, and we can sense the complexity of the inner vision that powers Arnolts perceptions. Incidentally, Prince, in her first appearance in an Arnolt production, shows considerable promise. She is a "method" dog—the tail wag, the hanging tongue, the erratic rushes back and forth all bespeak that peculiarly natural artifice of the calculated performance—but her instinct for sheer *presence* is unmistakable.

All in all, there is a firmer, surer Arnolt at work in *Colorado* than we have seen before. And although comedy and a certain naivete have been sacrificed, and spilled ice cream cones on the car seat and tots flinging food at the lens have given way to a more mature perspective, Arnolt's cinematic statement still maintains the freshness and vitality of his first work, the classic Walter Jr.'s First Christmas—an impressive achievement for this talented filmmaker.

Presenting THE ARNHOLT ERA



Highlights of the Golden Age of Walter Arnholt A Nostalgic Re-creation in Words, Pictures, Sounds, and Music

Remember that wild, wacky, wonderful Walter Arnholt Era? How could you forget it! It was your era—that unforgettable time when you lived through forty-seven years of your life, as of last Tuesday!

It was an era full of people, places, and things—of friends like “Gump” Higbee and Fred Lothrop . . . relatives like Uncle Gerard and Aunt Bess . . . acquaintances Jack Tigberg, Wayne Swee, and the Pfeiffer twins . . . even complete strangers such as Leila Shmitt and George Stuhldreber!

There were places to remember—Nappopee . . . Lapaz . . . Dunlop . . . Wakarusa . . . New Paris . . . and of course, your native Elkhart. And those wonderful things—your black rubber Donald Duck raincoat that made you perspire . . . your old leather truss you wore after that double-hernia operation that you broke in like a saddle, and much much more.

But there was one person who ate, slept and dreamt Walter Arnholt. And that was you, Walter Arnholt—the man who breathed life and excitement into the Walter Arnholt Era.

* November 29, your birthday.

Your Own Nostalgia Library

Now you can re-live this golden era with a fabulous library of music, pictures, sounds, and stories. Your library contains: **Arnholt: Words and Music**, six stereo records that take you from the twenties to the seventies; **The Walter Arnholt Story**, your lavishly illustrated biography in hardcover book form, complete with 3-D pop-up pages; **The Walter Arnholt Golden Souvenir Box of Souvenirs**, a collection of your mementos, keepsakes, and “trivia” that may be insignificant to others, but mean more to you than ten thousand shares of IBM!

The Tunes You Couldn't Carry The Words You Forgot

Arnholt: Words and Music, contains over 150 songs of the Arnholt Era, your all-time favorites re-created and recorded in thrilling life-like stereo! Even though you couldn't carry a tune, remember the words or dance very well you were a great listener and a pretty fair toe tapper. And these are the tunes you could almost whistle, the ones you tried to sing in the shower and down in the cellar where you grew your mushrooms and leeks. Remember “Shoe Shine Shamble,” played and sung by Jerry Masters and his Masters of Melody? And those great groups who performed around the Elkhart area—the Tony Tone Trio, Frances Fletcher, the Irish Banshee, Four Ducks and a Drake, and many, many more.

The Walter Arnholt Story A New Dimension in Biography!

Contains hundreds of golden and silver memories, illustrated with amusing behind the scenes closeups of you and your family, friends and pets. Remember your mom's “Apple Shoelace Pie”? She'd put a shoelace in the pie and whoever got the piece with the lace would have to clean the toilets that week. Remember how your father used to sit and stare out the window during the Depression, when he couldn't get a job? And those times your parents would have to send you to live with Uncle Ralph and Aunt Alice and you slept in the bed with the funny smell? Remember Duane Bosco, the toughest kid on the block, who liked to pull out clumps of your hair and called you “*ssholt Arnholt?”

The Walter Arnholt Golden Souvenir Box of Souvenirs

Worth the price of the entire package alone!

There's your lucky potato, now a gigantic flowering plant . . . those clumps of hair pulled out of your head by bully Duane Bosco, now your boss at Elkhart Steel Tubing . . . the washcloth you “borrowed” from the Hibbard Lodge on your honeymoon at Lake Maxinkuckee . . . your dad's kidney stones. . . .



Remember Jimmy Cooley, the class clown and cut-up? He once put a grasshopper in your chocolate milk. Jimmy was killed in action during the Korean conflict.

Mrs. Novotny, the lady next door. She always walked around the house in a alp and you used to peek into her window and wait hours for her to bend down.

Easy going Ruth Klezki, your crush at Ball State. She's married to a motel executive in Fort Wayne.

Your roommate and best friend at Ball State, Arthur Lutz. He still owes you seventy-five dollars.

To: Ego Records Ego Building Chicago; Ill, 60514

Please send me “The Arnholt Era” nostalgia package for a six-month free trial. If I decide to keep the package I should pay just \$4.95.* If I am not completely satisfied I can return the package or keep it anyway.

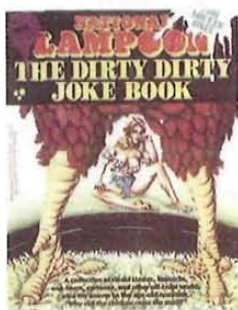
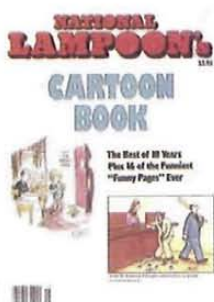
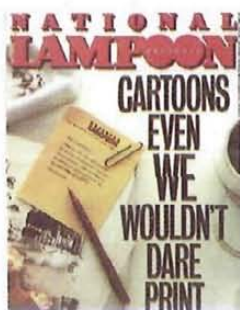
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Mr. _____ (please print)

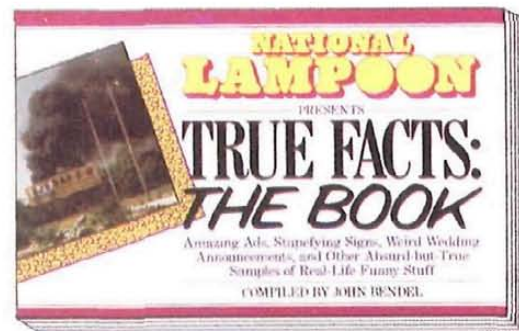
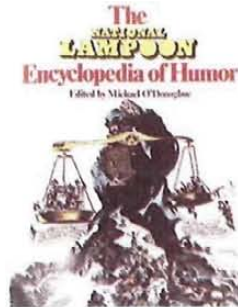
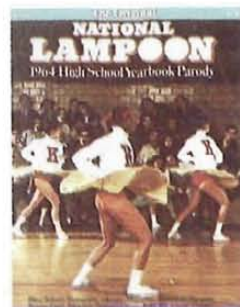
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- National Lampoon Tenth Anniversary, Deluxe Edition** This one is hardbound, for painful dropping on one's foot. \$19.95
- National Lampoon Foto Funnies** The first edition of funnies told through fotos, published in 1980. \$2.95
- National Lampoon Foto Funnies** All-new, all-brilliant Foto Funnies. If you liked them in the magazine, you'll really love them in the book. 1986. \$2.95
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- The Best of National Lampoon, No. 4** Just the good shit from 1972–1973. \$2.50
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- Son of Cartoons Even We Wouldn't Dare Print II: A Sequel** Even worse than the first. \$2.95
- National Lampoon's Very Large Book of Comical Funnies** It's comical and it's a reprint. It's some of the best damn comics you'll ever see. \$3.95
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National Lampoon Classics

It is imperative that I acquire the items checked above in order to keep my human collection complete. Please enclose \$1.75 for postage and handling for each item ordered, \$2.00 per book for Canada and foreign. If I'm a New York state resident I'm adding 8.25 percent sales tax, which is another matter entirely.

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Annual

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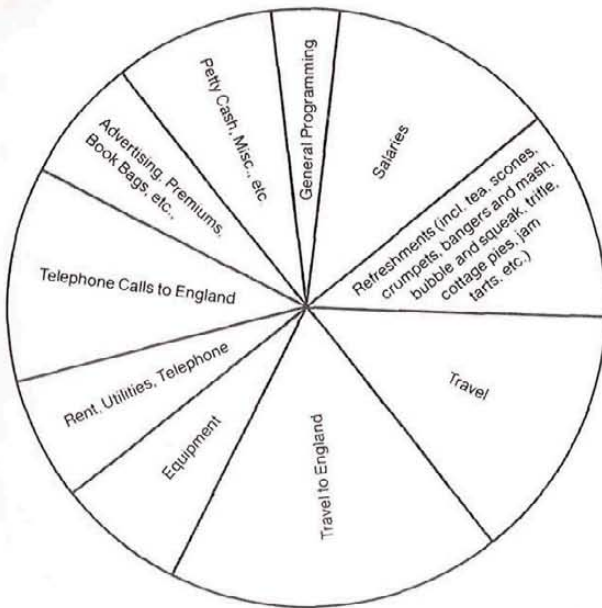
From the President

Every so often, someone bounds into our offices in the newly-completed sixteen-story PBS building here in New York (just across the street from the newly-completed fifteen-story Corporation for Public Broadcasting building, which, in its own way, is quite nice as well) and asks us, "See here, you chaps. This public television thing: what the devil is it all about?"

Permit me, if you will, to proffer several *pensées* concerning this topic, which is so important to us of the PBS family. And not only us, but also to the blokes and birds of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting who, while we may differ with them from time to time as to who should get which government funds for whose fact-finding trip to Mexico, nonetheless do manage to do a damn fine job of doing whatever the deuce it is they do over there.

Now, as to this public television bit: who else would have brought you twenty-four weeks of *Masterrace Theater*? Who else *could* have brought you Leonard Bernstein's *Mess*? Who the bloody blazes else would have hired that windbag Brownowski to rant and rave about Copernicus for thirteen weeks?

But, *entre nous*, it does require one thing: ready teddy. Pounds. Quid. In a word, money. Without your generous contributions, we would be in dire straits.



Expenditures for the Public Broadcasting System

What would that mean to you? Simply this: one day you would take the lift down from your office and hop aboard your tube or

climb into your lorry for home. And you'd arrive at your flat and head for the fridge for a quick snack of crisps and orange squash, and plunk down for some good spot-on stimulating telly. And you'd switch on the set and there would be... nothing.

We would have been forced to stop broadcasting.

Why? Look at the pie graph on this page.

You can see that, unfortunate though it may be, the only flexible area open to cutbacks is our programming and production department. This means that, unless every one of you sits down straight away and writes us a handsome cheque (tax deductible, certainly), we shall have to drop some new shows, cancel many of those in development, and broadcast reruns. Reruns! We, who in the past have won awards hand-over-fist for such classics as the science show for dogs, *Rova*, would be reduced to recycling our old programmes like some miserable spinster wearing her old tea towels for socks. In such a case, we would be forced to endlessly rebroadcast such shows as Louis Malle's first English-language documentary, *Phantom Indiana*. This is a fine programme. But twelve times a week?

Someone will ask, "But what about all the money you get from government? And the large corporations? Isn't that enough to produce fine, quality, wonderful television programmes such as the third-world sex education show for toddlers, *Bésame Street*?" The answer is, alas, no. You see, we here at PBS (and those scoundrels over at CPB) have a concept we call "matching grants." Briefly, this means that anything one organization does is duplicated by the other. That is why we so desperately need money from other sources, because those blighters across the street need most of the Federal funds for flying to Mexico and staying three weeks in London every time you turn your head and building their damn prize-winning architect-designed offices even though *they don't even need studios or sound rooms or anything!*

Obviously, it is unacceptable for us to allow the CPB to "outdo" us in any way. After all, anyone can see that they would not exist without us. *We* are the *raison d'être* of this whole affair. Therefore, anything they do, any project they undertake, any raises in salary they effect, and any new architect-designed prize-winning office building they construct must be met in kind by PBS. This is what is meant by matching grants. With the money from our generous viewers, we intend to match, expenditure for expenditure, everything those people over there do, goddamn their eyes and may they rot in hell.

Learned Hand Laundry
President

Concordance

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Women on PBS

Woman. Who is she, what is she? Is she the Great Earth Mother: fertile, nurturing, protective? Or the Love Creature, the animal of sensuality and unimaginable ecstasies? Angel or whore, temptress or Virgin Mary, woman is here today, now. Asking questions. Seeking answers. Answering questions. Questioning answers.

PBS has created programmes for women that break new grounds in terms of meaningful dialogue. Seventeen years ago, the world of conventional commercial television was shocked when, for the first time in the history of the medium, PBS broadcast the word *orgasm*. It was a dangerous thing to do, but we did it. And we were berated and condemned by nearly everybody: the FCC came down particularly hard on the PBS network and its affiliates, and various church and social groups brought tremendous pressure to bear upon us by threatening to boycott many of our larger corporate contributors and thereby refusing to purchase sheet aluminum from Alcoa and pig iron from U.S. Steel. "How can you call this television?" they cried.

We merely smiled, and promised not to do it again.

We had our antennae crossed, of course, because the *very next week* we produced a panel discussion in which a leading educator looked right into the camera and said *uterus* and *clitoris*. National reaction was swift—and negative—but soon a few enlightened souls began to speak up in our defense. The tide began to turn.

By now, of course, times have changed. Now women talk about their bodies all the time on television, and say *orgasm* and *feel up* and practically anything. Even the taboo against four letter scatological words shows signs of breaking down. Only last month, on our **Sing-a-Song-America** programme, folk-rock poet Bob Dylan sang a song with the word *shit* in it, plainly distinguishable.

What does a musical genius's utterance of *shit* have to do with women? Simply this: the PBS network has always been at the vanguard of liberated, informed broadcasting for women, whether the subject be orgasm or shit. And this year promises to be no different.

Our Biddies, Our Selves

Fridays at 10

This is a penetrating study of old age, the treatment of the elderly, and ageism. Many elderly women will be interviewed. Viewers hard of hearing are advised to watch the captioned rebroadcast every following Monday at 8:30. Viewers with poor eyesight are advised to tune in on the following Tuesdays at 9:00, when the programme will be simulcast over local FM radio stations with a running commentary describing what's happening on the screen.

Benito Mussolini, My Darling

To be broadcast in May

Highlights of the late dictator's life and times are narrated by one of his former mistresses, Luciana Tanni. Ms. Tanni reveals for the first time that Mussolini's title of *Il Duce* ("The Duke") was actually a misrepresentation of his real nickname, *Il Dolci* ("The Sweet One").

The Captioned ABC Evening News for Women

Nightly at 11



PBS expands its news coverage for women this year by only showing captions for the part of the news read by Barbara Walters and the female correspondents. Viewers who are hard of hearing are advised to turn the volume up very loud for the Harry Reasoner and other man-read parts.

Marie Curie: "I Am a Scientist, and I Don't Even Care What You Say"

Beginning Sunday, 5/22 at 8:30

Leslie Caron stars as the renowned French chemist, with Louis Jordan as her husband Pierre. The discovery of radium is highlighted, as well as various other scientific and feminine things.

Simone de Beauvoir: "Always I Am to Being the Woman"

Wednesdays at 7:30

Ms. de Beauvoir will invite us into her home (which she sometimes shares with Nobel laureate philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre) for a weekly demonstration of her own very unique dialectical skills. Many familiar (and some not-so-familiar) French dishes will be explained and prepared, together with pungent commentary concerning the availability of fresh fruits and vegetables, special omelet techniques, and the possibility of a French student/worker alliance concerning the Angola problem.



A Preview of the New Season's Offerings

Liberal Outrage

A special production. Perhaps the most meaningful, relevant, and sensitive television series ever conceived.

Dinner Theatre in America



A sweeping survey covering the entire scope of drama in America. From Leonard Nimoy and Florence Henderson in "My Fat Friend" to William Shatner and Donna Reed in "The Music Man" and Nichelle Nichols and DeForrest Kelley in "The Owl and the Pussycat."

Leonard Nimoy in the Dinner Theatre in America production of "My Fat Friend."

From Molecules to Memorex

A fifteen-minute special tracing the evolution of man, highlighting the major cultural achievements en route.

Of Mutinies and Men

What kind of people are mutineers? Why do they do what they do? What do they think about? Do they like spending so much time at sea, or is that why they mutiny in the first place? Pete Seeger narrates.

"Ain't Had No Fun Since I Been Po'"



Just one of the unfortunates from this revealing series.

Culture!



L'chaim, Spinoza!
Saluti, Leonardo!
Na zdorovye, Turgenev!
Viva, Borges!
Prosit, Wagner!
Cheers, Chaucer!
Howdy, Whitman!

Drug Abuse in America

Part One—The Perils of Coffee

A searching look at our chemically-oriented society. While Washington legislates against prescription drugs, we drink coffee in increasing quantities. Underwritten by grants from Upjohn, Eli Lilly, and Pfizer.

Our Economic System and How It Works

A critical and probing examination of our economic system and why it's so absolutely smashing and works so well all the time.

Upstarts Downstairs

Events take a dramatic new turn at Eaton Place as Rose begins to wonder whether it's all worth it, and spreads dissension downstairs. In episode one of the new season, Hudson "accidentally" spills cucumber soup on Lady Prudence, and Lord Bellamy suspects Mrs. Bridges of making some distasteful additions to the gravy served at an important dinner upstairs.



The Inner Game of Yoga

How to win by not wanting to win.

Silent Cinema Captioned for the Blind

Washington Round Table

A free-swinging journalistic round table free-for-all with the men who get drunk and yell at each other and write tomorrow's news today. No preprepared questions. Sometimes, Peter Lisagor gets plastered, smashes a bottle on the round table, and goes straight for Mary McGroary's jugular.

Listener Sponsored Radio

Rip-Off or Free Ride?

The "free radio" game. Where does all that marathon money go? Who cares about radical lesbian poets, anyway?

Face It

Contemporary challenges. (Emmy for "Oh God, I'm Going to Die!")



Oil in the Family

The Rockefeller Legend—Funded by grants from the Chase Manhattan Bank and the Exxon Corporation.

Probe and Feel

Weekly news analysis.

The Isle of Gilligan



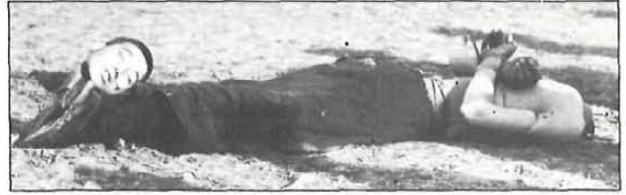
A dramatic series with a sociological bent, exploring the interrelationships of a micro-society of castaways reflecting the problems and conflicts of society at large. Bob Denver plays the iconoclast pariah.

Qué Viva Eisenstein

The master's outtakes (twelve parts)

Distinguished Panel Discussion

Coming up, a special two-part programme on violence on television. A serious, no-holds-barred look at what we're watching.



Warning: This program contains many scenes of graphic, explicit violence. We urge viewer discretion.

Don't Go Away Mad

The world of mental illness.

Theatre in America

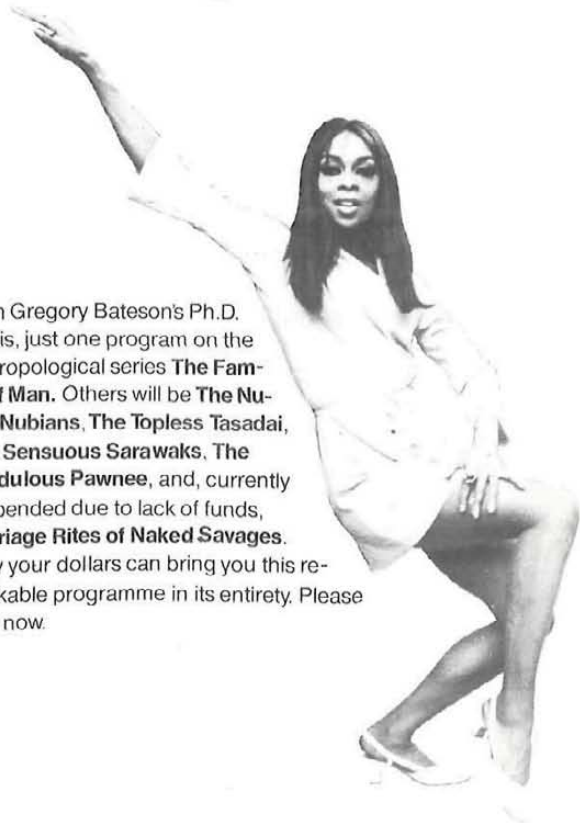
Sheridan, Marlowe, Stoppard, and Pinter.

Fraud!

Documentary on people who sell marijuana that isn't really as good as they say it is. With actual footage of people not getting as stoned as they thought they would.

The Family of Man

From Gregory Bateson's Ph.D. thesis, just one program on the anthropological series **The Family of Man**. Others will be **The Nubile Nubians**, **The Topless Tasadai**, **The Sensuous Sarawaks**, **The Pendulous Pawnee**, and, currently suspended due to lack of funds, **Marriage Rites of Naked Savages**. Only your dollars can bring you this remarkable programme in its entirety. Please give now.



Never Again!

Burning the classics. It could never happen here. Or could it? Every guinea (\$1.80) you don't send in to support quality programmes on PBS is a pound and a shilling (\$1.80) that doesn't go toward a production of **Timon of Athens**. Holding back money from public broadcasting is as good as taking **Moll Flanders** off the library shelves in the Darien Elementary School or, worse, burning **The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell**.

**Broadcast books.
Don't burn them.**



From the PBS series, "The Films of Leni Riefenstahl."

Ranking of Contributors

0 (\$0)..... Malefactor
 Thruppence (\$.017)..... Benefactor
 1 Tanner (\$.034)..... Nodding Acquaintance
 1 Bob (\$.08)..... Dabbler in the Arts
 1 Quid (\$1.72)..... Mate
 1 Guinea (\$1.80)..... Absolutely Top Drawer Fellow
 £5 (\$8.60)..... Chum

£25 (\$43.00)..... Smashing Chap
 £100 (\$172.00)..... M.B.O.E.
 £500 (\$860.00)..... Chancellor of the Exchequer
 £1000 (\$1,720.00)..... H.R.H. Queen Elizabeth, Defender of the Faith, Empress of India, Queen of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland for a Day.

N.B. All currency equivalencies based on London gold fixing, April 2, 1977. For current exchange rate, consult *The Times of London*.

Concordance

Leathercroft Manor
 Bracemorton Close
 58 W. 54 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10022

Right you are, old bean. Here's my impost-free contribution to the smashing job you lot are doing.

Name _____

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Note: Due to delays in the post, allow a fortnight from Whitsuntide to receive your first copy of **Concordance Magazine**, featuring our fabulous Fall Queue-up.

Journal

**GIVE YOUR BODY
MORE HAIR,**
BY THE AUTHOR OF
**GIVE YOUR HAIR
MORE BODY**

**THOSE NEW PRECHEWED FOODS:
Fancy Face-Saver or Foolish Fad?**

**GUIDE TO LOVE
AND HAPPINESS, PART I:**
How to tell who the men are

"PERILS OF A WAXED HALLWAY"
12-part serial complete in this issue

**How to Have
Back-and-Forth Conversations
with the People You Meet**

**New 23-Hour-A-Day
Beauty Sleep Plan**

**How to Chart Your Own
Monthly Spite Cycle**

**How to Tell if You Had a
Better-than-Average Sex Life**

**How to Comb Your Wrinkles
into Today's Chic Styles**

**Why Men Prefer Women
Who Remember Their First Names**

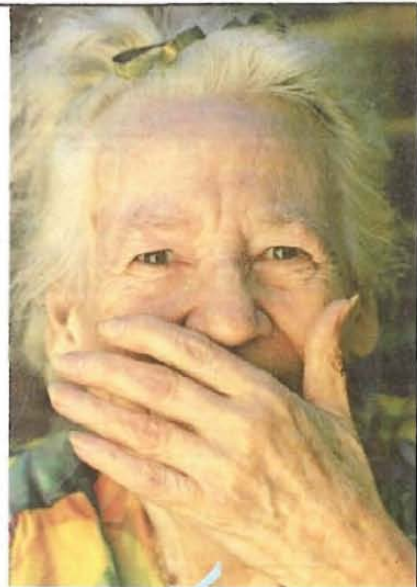
**The Clues That Tell You
When You Did Have a Visitor**

**WHY I'M NOT DEAD:
AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW
WITH MAMIE EISENHOWER**



photograph, Wide World

Guess whose hands are 12 years older?



"My hands are 12 years older than hers!" says Mrs. Beverly Lerner, on the left. "She's only 93.

I'm 105! My secret? When I work up the strength to wash the dishes, to the best of my recollection, I always use Gray Liquid. It's one of the reasons my hands stay young looking. It's so mild, I think it helps."



Gray
LIQUID

helps keep hands
young looking.

How Old Do You Think I Am?



Thirty? Twenty-three? Seventeen? Well, guess again! Actually, I'm eighty-seven years old, but you'd never know it, due to a new series of products developed by the world's leading cosmetics researchers and known in the United States as the **Ponce de Leon Collection.**

These remarkable beauty aids include Ponce de Leon's "Hair of the Dog," Ponce de Leon's "Lash Roundup," Ponce de Leon's "Ultra-Cheek," Ponce de Leon's "Lips of Memory," and Ponce de Leon's "Fairy Tooth."

You, too, may join the cult of enlightened, mature women in many countries who take pleasure in the secrets of Ponce de Leon. Let your mirror witness the transformation that occurs the moment you start using our classic collection. It's a transformation so dramatic it steals away the years, yet so incredibly natural that it won't rob you of the lingering traces of a hundred laughs, a thousand smiles—the mementos of the gamut of emotions of a woman who's lived and loved and cared.

Bring **Ponce de Leon** into your life. It's never too late.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

If known, name and address must be included with every letter. We will withhold both whether requested to or not.

Sirs:

Did I read the last issue of your magazine? What magazine? What am I doing? Am I writing a letter? Are you here to repair the telephone? Would you like to see a picture of my grandchildren?

R. M.

Sirs:

I wish to take exception to the article that appeared last month in your publication, entitled . . . I think it began with "The". . . I think it was about fire engines, pianos . . . have you met my son? . . . letter, letter. Sincerely yours, Dear Sirs, Would you like to see a picture of my grandchildren?

R. T.

Sirs:

One of my staples chairs told me this story I thought I would pass it on your tape, put the tape on over, see, where I used to live and these pictures, pictures of my grandchildren oxen? cows? me? Writing? When is this? Who are you? Are you from the police? I'll call the police, police?

W. F.

Sirs:

Yet it the me oh . . . let me see . . . yes!

L. T.

Sirs:

I can still remember when I was young. I had the biggest ribbon on the block. Red ribbon, green ribbon, am I writing a letter to the magazine or to my granddaughter, not that she would answer anyway, but it was, I think, but maybe not. I'd write more except they're bringing the musketeers over now, curse 'em!

D. N.

Sirs:

Hoow doo yoo specl "teh?" Eahve bene eveyhwere lokking for this infomitonk that mayb readers cod hellp meh, pic of grandchildren, tree snakke enclosed.

B. R.

YOUR HOROSCOPE FOR SEPTEMBER



Virgo (August 23 to September 22): Long-ago Septembers meant: The time has come to sink your teeth into new hobbies and new futures. *This September means: Remember to replace missing teeth promptly, or misocclusion might sink you.*



Libra (September 23 to October 22): New loves, deeper emotional responses, exciting career opportunities. These used to be yours when autumn turned the woods to gold. You'd be wise, nonetheless, to let *this* season's falling leaves remind you to make sure your insurance is all paid up.



Scorpio (October 23-November 21): In Septembers of yore, you always had a compulsion to give your heart away too easily. Your heart will give *you* away this September, however, if you don't stay in bed and get plenty of rest.



Sagittarius (November 22 to December 21): Ten years ago this month we would have cautioned you about your penchant for hasty decisions. "Take all the time you need," we would have said, "to be sure of yourself before acting." This year, on the other hand, we'd suggest you hurry and make up your mind—before it's too late!



Capricorn (December 22 to January 19): This is the time for all Capricorns to overcome their inherent stubbornness and give their friends and loved ones a fair hearing. You may not be giving *anyone* a hearing, though, unless you take an audio test soon.



Aquarius (January 20 to February 18): If you were born with a dazzling facility for figures—as so many Aquarians are—you might once have used September to begin an exciting career as a tax accountant. Turn that facility now to finishing plans for your estate.



Pisces (February 19 to March 20) You Pisces have always had a lot of patience and self-reliance, and your good temperament helped to keep you cheerful even in adversity. God knows these qualities will come in handy now!



Aries (March 21 to April 19): Once, September was a month when all your long-term ventures seemed destined to prosper. Now, short-term investments are the only ones worth considering.



Taurus (April 20 to May 20): Taurus natives are usually quick on their feet, and just a few years ago this would have been a good month to embark on a dancing career. This year, however, you're better off avoiding all strenuous activities.



Gemini (May 21 to June 20): Remember how many exciting new projects of yours first got under way in the month of September? But *this* September would be better spent tying up all those old loose ends.



Cancer (June 21 to July 22): Jupiter rules your mobility right now, and Moonchildren everywhere will be clambering to new heights on the social and business ladder. It's a perfect month, therefore, for you to invest in a banister elevator.



Leo (July 23 to August 22): Years back, you plunged back into your work after a relaxing vacation summer. Plunge into anything now, though, and you'll regret it.

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DECORATING:

The Knickknack Look



A random scattering of odds and ends gives this room the welcoming atmosphere of a china shop. Guests will soon feel that they've somehow wandered into the inside of a kaleidoscope.

A little thought has transformed this ordinary table into a minefield. Ashtrays should be tiny—about the size of a bottle cap, large enough for a matchhead and nothing more. As for dusting, don't!

You can give any room in your house the coziness of a garage sale with a little bit of imagination and practically no money. The trick? Cover every horizontal or nearly horizontal surface with trinkets, souvenirs, and conversation pieces—pictures, seashells, figurines, ornaments, dishes, bowls, small stuffed animals, boxes, statuettes, small stuffed animals, anything at all. To get a feeling of individuality and express your personality at the same time, just empty those old desk and dresser drawers full of bric-a-brac onto desks, coffee tables, mantelpieces, even sofa and chair arms. Drop larger objects on the floor. Generally speaking, you should leave them where they land, but you might want to put fragile, easily breakable china, glass, and porcelain pieces on corners and edges. For a nice pack-ratty kind of effect, start a collection of something cheap and silly like sewing machine bobbins, sash weights, or faucets, and strew them everywhere. Arrange your most garish gewgaws in pointless groupings: invent long stories for each of them. Put your strongest pieces in plain view: the mummified heart of a favorite pet, an antique bottle filled with gallstones, a framed chest X-ray. How to know when to stop? Try these tests. Take an ordinary child's marble. See if you can find a place to put it down. If you can, get another knickknack and put it there. Repeat until there's no room for it. Sit in a chair at the edge of the room and exhale deeply. Did anything fall down? If not, you've got a long way to go. Walk across the floor. Did you hear any crunching sounds? No? Then keep at it!





SAY IT WITH FLOWER PRINTS

Classic, timeless, always somehow right—the flower print dress. With matching hat, of course! A fetching ensemble that makes you look upholstered, not just dressed. Loud and busy, and just lousy with big, bright, blooming splashes of color that let everybody know you're no "wallflower"! The possibilities? Endless! A billion different designs, from muddy browns and conservative, dingy greens to garish yellows and glaring oranges that'll make everyone turn down their hearing aids when you walk into the room. Blowzy, frumpy, and dowdy—in a word, *you!* Style? Not in these duds, milady. Just a simple frock cut like a drape. Grab a bag, a sack, a piece of old luggage, slip on a pair of sensible shoes, and *voilà!*—the ensemble is complete.

photo by R. G. Harris

WAKE UP TO

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF EXERCISES

says Helen "Hell on Wheels" Whaley, Former Olympic Women's Decathlon Champion and inventor of Iso-Geriatrics

Yes, I've always managed to be awake to the wonderful world of exercises, and I certainly can vouch for the importance of physical fitness.

If you'll only lay aside a little time every day to do the simple "Iso-Geriatric" exercises outlined here, you'll soon feel better. And you'll look younger, healthier, and more glamorous, too.

Remember, you can't do anything to change the bony frame God gave you—but you *should* try to do something about your muscles!

Convinced? Still reading? Ready? Okay! Let's begin.

1 Opening and Closing Your Eyes

This is a great exercise to help you look awake and alert.

Step One: Relax. Take a deep breath (if you can). Summon your energy.

Step Two: Open those baby blues. Hold them that way for a full five seconds. You can do it!

Step Three: Return to the starting position.

Step Four: Catch your breath, then repeat the whole exercise three more times. Within weeks, your friends will notice how much more responsive you look.



2 The Wrist-Twister

I created this exercise to give your hands more mobility.

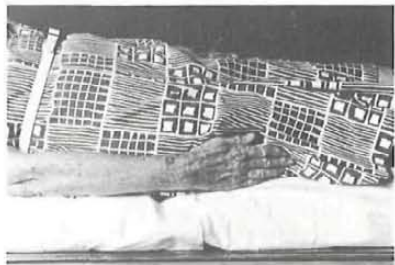
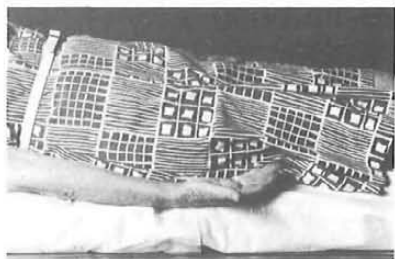
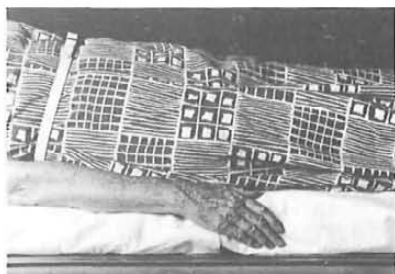
Step One: Lie back. Don't waste your strength.

Step Two: Rotate your right hand (or your left one if you're left-handed) 90 degrees in a *clockwise* direction. Don't strain!

Step Three: You're doing great! Can you return your hand to the starting position? Try it. . . .

Step Four: Just like Step Two (Remember Step Two?). Only this time rotate your hand *counterclockwise*. That's it!

Step Five: Go back to the beginning position and repeat. Who knows: If you still have a firm grip—and can manage to hold your eyes open (see EXERCISE 1)—you may soon surprise acquaintances by watching TV—and changing channels all by yourself!



3 Shaking

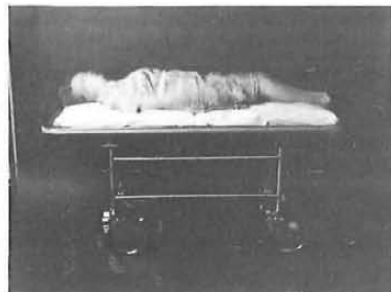
Here's a vibrant new exercise that's so easy you may find yourself doing it without even trying. It goes like this:

Step One: Lie there as still as you can. That's the spirit!

Step Two: Okay! Start shaking. Very good! Shake as long as you feel like it.

Step Three: All right. Try to be still again.

Step Four: Repeat the exercise until overcome by fatigue.



4 Just Lying There

How few of us realize that the simple activities we engage in every day are wonderful opportunities to get exercise! Lying there, just like I'm doing in the accompanying picture, is the perfect example of such an activity. I call it the ultimate exercise. Make it a habit!



Well, that's about it. Thanks for finishing my article. I hope you have the self-discipline to do my exercises and that they help you as they've helped me win much happiness and many new friends.

Helen "Hell on Wheels" Whaley

MARKET PLACE



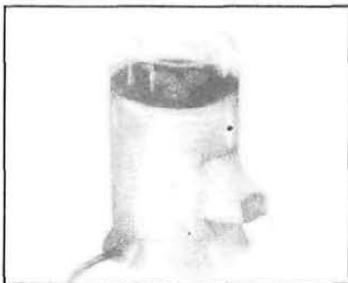
Calling all senior "zitizens"

There's nothing like a rich, red acne to make you look years younger. Turn those pallid, tattle-tale aging spots into bright, youthful carbuncles with the exclusive Poc-o-Pit Pimpl-Kwik Acnemizer. Just because you're a "whitehead" doesn't mean you can't have blackheads, and look like a teenager again. Exclusive facial injector painlessly penetrates skin, pumping tiny, precisely measured doses of dirt and other irritants into pores. In just days, your face will bloom with a lush rash of real acne. Acnemizer comes with six months' supply of Superzit Pusmax cream. Oldtronics, Inc., Dept. 1790-J, Ball Point, Long Island, N.Y. 14598.



Hickory, dictory, dotard

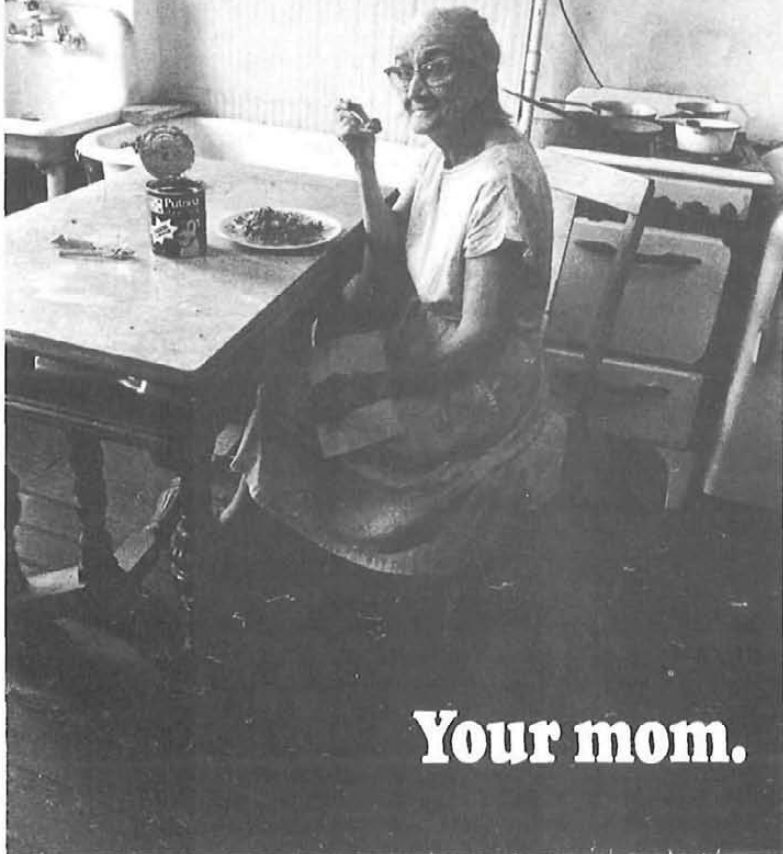
Faithful replica of a turn-of-the-century grandfather clock has an imprecision Polish movement that gets the time "all mixed up." Spares you the embarrassment of forgetting appointments, arriving late—just blame it on "that conserned old clock." Shows pictures of your grandchildren on the hour and half hour. A marvelous conversation piece for those long silences when you can't remember what you've been talking about. \$95.00. Second Childhood Products, Dept. OLHJ 40, Lake Mushroom, N.Y. 10465.



Chew up a storm

You can eat all the foods you used to love, anything at all, even if you don't have "the tooth, the whole tooth, and nothing but" with the miracle Mr. Masticator electronic chewing machine. Just cook up your favorite meal, then put it in the handy toloading hopper, and push the button. In just seconds, that hard-to-chew steak, those pulpy vegetables, even that jaw-bending taffy, is reduced to a tasty slurry you can spoon down in a jiffy. All the flavor stays in, all the tedious munching goes out. \$49.95. Autodent Inc., JS-9009, Mayfly, N.J. 87098.

There's one member of your family who isn't getting enough cheese.



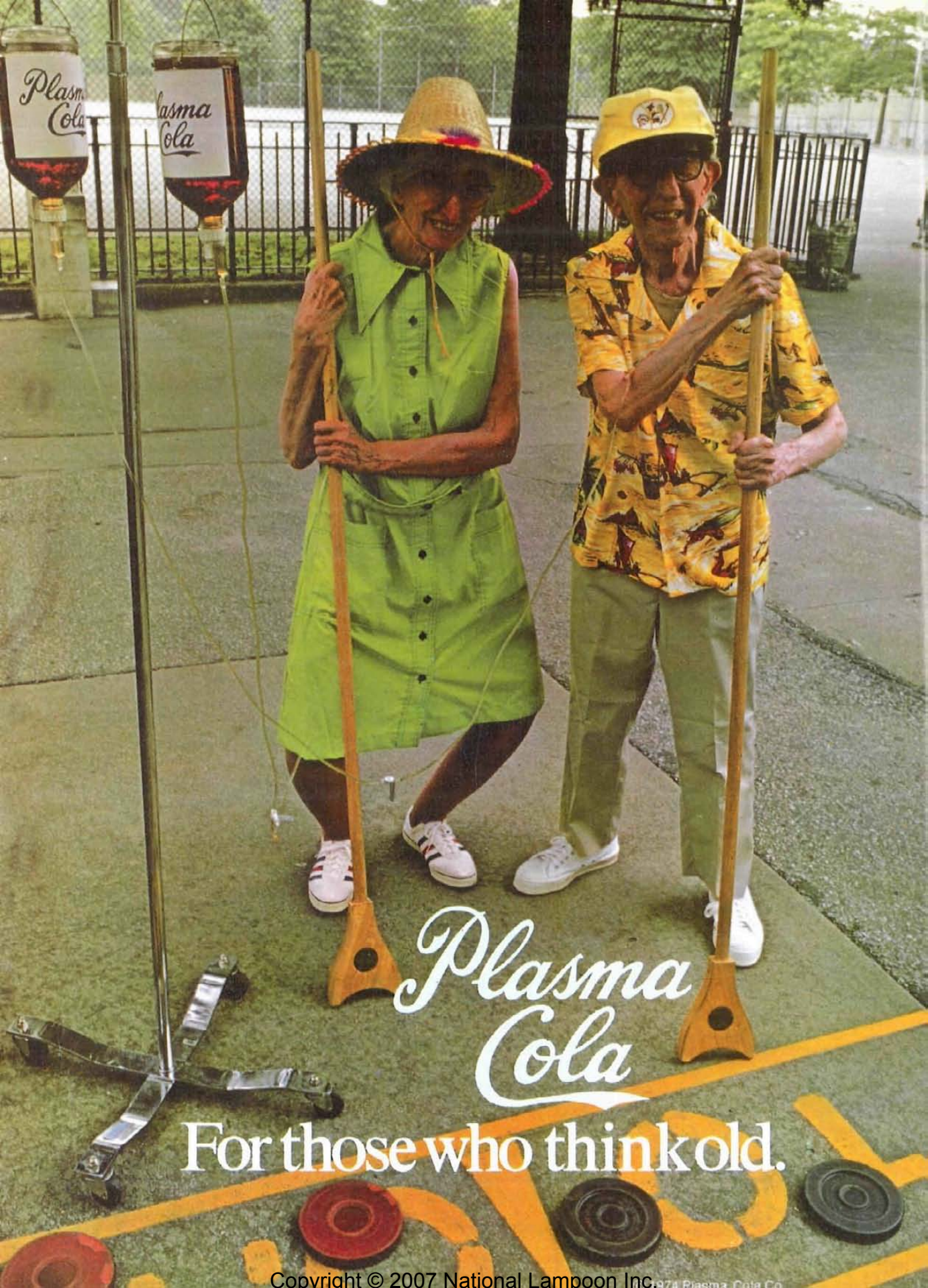
Your mom.

In these times of rising prices and spending cutbacks, a number of studies show old people are choosing Putrina Pooch Treats dog food as their primary source of protein. Why? Because it's a cheap, nutritious way to beat inflation. And they like that tangy, mouth-watering cheese flavor, just like dogs do.

They also know that dog food contains all the vitamins and minerals they need to stay perky and alert and keep their hair full and glossy. Because Putrina contains no cereal—only rich, wholesome beef by-products and other animal parts.

With Putrina Pooch Treats, you don't have to worry about your mom's eating habits. She's getting a treat dogs like. And knowing how much you love your pet, is it all that bad she's "treated" like a dog?

Putrina
Pooch Treats



Plasma
Cola

Plasma
Cola

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For those who think old.

STEVE allen

ALLEN PUBLICATIONS

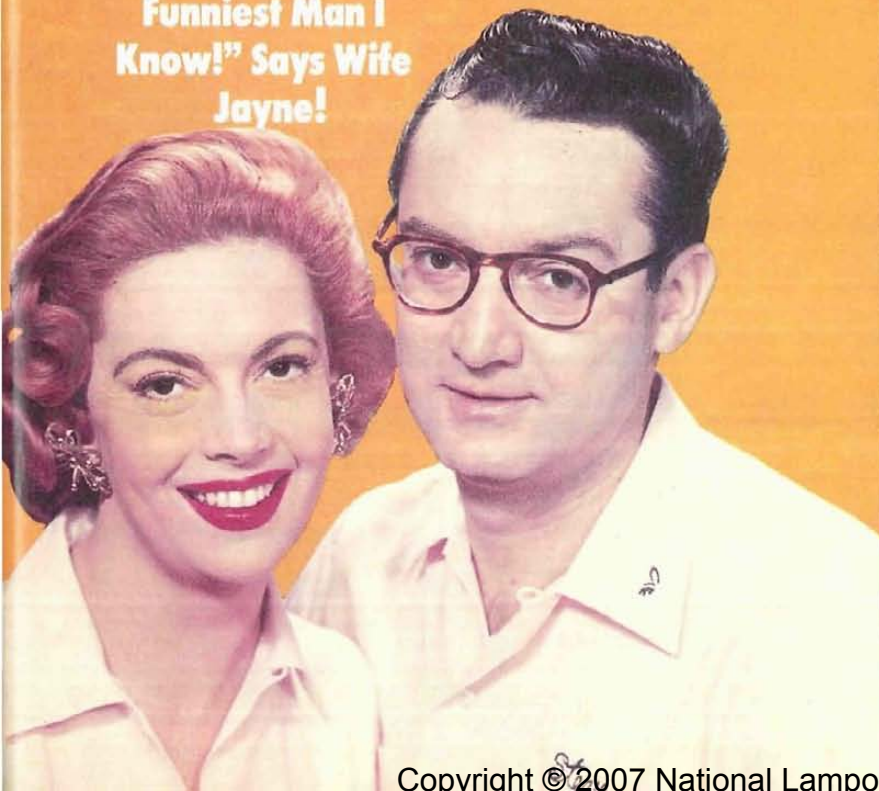
NOVEMBER 1981 \$1.00

MAGAZINE

**Steve: "I Want To
Write A Song
For You!"**

**The Night Steve
Almost Had A
Writer's Block!**

**"Why, Steve Is The
Smartest, Strongest,
Most Sensitive, And
Funniest Man I
Know!" Says Wife
Jayne!**



**What If Steve
Were President
Of The World?**

**Steve's 10,000
Most Fave Books!**

**Get A Free Sample From
Steve's Sperm Bank!**

**Should Steve Be Cloned?
Steve Says...**

**Steve Helps You With
Your Homework!**

**Thomas Mann, Frank Lloyd
Wright, Dag Hammarskjold,
Madame Curie, Martin Luther
King Write Fan Letters To
Steve!**



CELEBRATED ENTERTAINER STEVE ALLEN SAYS:

"I doubled the size of my cheeks, eyelids, and jowls with just one application of Pulpex® facial silicone!"

For years, celebrities like Steve Allen have known the distinctiveness and good feeling that come from having an enlarged, puffy face. And now the same full features can belong to you, with the aid of Pulpex® facial silicone—the only medicated physiognomy-distending medium proven absolutely reliable for personal use.

One easy-to-administer injection is all you need—face feels round, billowy, replete; skin stretches taut and firm, with a translucent white glow.

Take it from entertainer Steve Allen, "Pulpex" is the key to any sound face-enlarging program."

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No prescription necessary—use as directed.

Read Steve Allen's new book, *Police Forensics and My Findings on the Reliability of Saliva Testing*, on sale now

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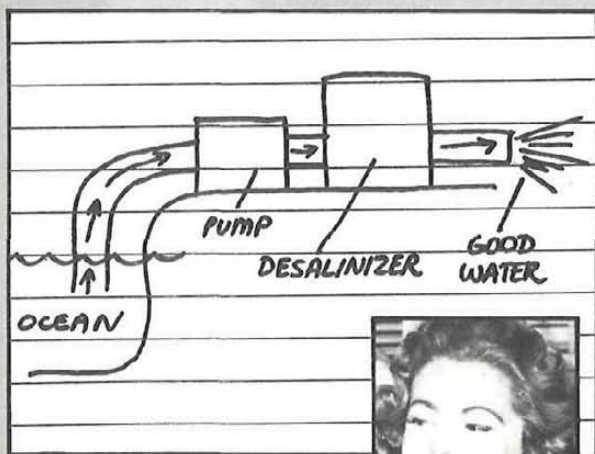
"Water Is Our Most Precious Resource"

—Steve Allen

Although a relative newcomer to the sciences of hydrology and watershed management (he got involved just five years ago, after a visit to the Mojave Desert), Steve is already a highly regarded authority, recognized the world over. "I emphasize a 'dual' approach," says Steve, "conservation and exploration. As far as I'm concerned, the two concepts are inseparable." He quips that it's silly for him to sift through reams of satellite data looking for a few drops of water when people forget to turn off their garden hoses and flood an entire street! "But even if there weren't any shortages," notes Steve's pretty blond wife, Jayne, "I bet Steve would keep right up with his canals—he's designed models of over three thousand different canal systems—and his treatment plants and so on, just for the challenge." Steve adds jokingly, "I guess I've got water on the brain!"



Birikao, Somalia—1979 "There are 68,213,000 cubic miles of water in this ocean," Steve comments to his celebrity wife, Jayne, "yet people in this region are dying of thirst." Steve's plan to desalinate vast reserves of seawater will bring new life to many areas of the world.



"Steve's plan is amazingly simple," exclaims his talented wife, Jayne Meadows, while viewing one of the many thousands of sketches in Steve's notebook.



"What year did General Ulysses S. Grant visit Japan, and on what territorial dispute did he advise the Japanese emperor?" Steve asks his friend Dolpherino—and amazingly, in two quick squeaks, Steve has his answer! "Steve's been a nut on inter-species communication for years," his multigtified wife, Jayne, remarks brightly. "Especially since we took in Dolpherino and he and Steve discovered that they'd both been to the Orient. What a pair!"

Steve Says, "Animals Are Some of the Best People I Know!"



Q What do Steve Allen, Argentinian Jewish torture victim Jacobo Timerman, and seeing-eye dogs have in common?

A An awful lot, when you consider that of the two hundred guide animals Steve has trained this year, over half have been donated to Jews in Argentina whose eyes were put out by brutal government inquisitors. "If the authoritarian dictatorships of the world treated their people with half the patience and respect Steve gives each of his dogs," Mr. Timerman says solemnly, "the world would be a much better place."

FRAGILE: DOG



BY STEVE ALLEN

A TRUE AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL STORY OF LOVE, PATIENCE, CARING, 200 SEEING-EYE DOGS, AND STEVE ALLEN.

"Steve seems to enjoy training seeing-eye dogs so much that he can't figure out if it's a hobby or a charity!"
—Book Title Digest

\$9.95/\$10.95 in Canada, Japan, China, the Subcontinent, Europe, Africa, Australia, the Soviet Union, and Central and South America.

Allen Press, Publishers, 17651 Copernicus Drive, Encino, California

"A" Is for Asthma

The untold story of Steve Allen's personal struggle against America's number-one respiratory disorder, by Steve Allen

Nineteen days before the end of my nineteenth year, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. I was on the air at radio station KOY in Phoenix, Arizona, when the first teletype arrived. I can remember reading it verbatim; by the time I'd finished the first sentence I'd already made up my mind to have my boss, Jack Williams, drive me over to the post office so I could enlist. I could feel the anger and the indignation building up inside me; my mind began to race with schemes and strategies for winning the war. I was convinced that aircraft carriers would be the key to victory. I felt that putting up a costly defense in places like Guadalcanal and the Philippines would at least buy us time to strengthen our naval and air forces and assault the enemy from massive carrier groups far out at sea, possibly near Midway. I recall telling Jack on our way to the post office that any conventional campaign would have to be supported with new and more powerful weapons. I reasoned that nuclear fission held the most promise; quick mental calculations suggested that a highly radioactive isotope, perhaps plutonium 232, might be bombarded with other atoms, causing a massive chain reaction that would release enough energy to destroy a city the size of Hiroshima. I was certain, however, that these plans would take years to carry out,



"Holy ferndock," I said, "something's cutting off my air supply... I can't stop these paroxysms long enough to sign the enlistment form...of all the luck!"

and was thus all the more eager to get into uniform and get the ball rolling. I can remember the exhilaration I felt as the clerk slid an enlistment form across the post-office counter, and then, as if by surprise attack from the Japanese zeroes that battered our ships, planes, and men at Pearl Harbor, I was seized by a terrible, paroxysmal band of pain around my throat that sent me reeling across the lobby, gasping for air. I tried to fight it off, the way I knew my naval strategy and

atomic-bomb project would beat back the Japanese, but the mucoid buildup in my throat was overwhelming, and I blacked out on the floor before I could make it back to the counter and complete the form. I was taken outside to Jack's car, where I regained consciousness and immediately asked to be taken to the army induction station. I wasn't going to give up—I knew the army would help me diagnose this mysterious attack, so I could get on with the business of winning the war. I described my symptoms to a panel of military doctors and could tell from their expressions that they were concerned. I noticed one of them write a letter "A" on my report, and suddenly I felt a queasy surge of anxiety—I had to know their decision, good or bad. I stood mute as one of the doctors looked up at me gravely, shook his head, and said, "I'm sorry, Steve... 'A' is for *asthma*." I knew then that I was ineligible for military service and that the closest I'd ever get to the war was broadcasting its progress from a microphone in Phoenix, Arizona. Of course, I tried everything I could to cure myself, but to my great and abiding regret, it was not until late 1945 that my work in developing synthetic adrenalin, and a wonder drug called ACTH, helped to control my disorder once and for all—but by then it was too late; the war was over.

HOWARD NOSTRAND

He Ain't Heavy, He's My Little Brother!



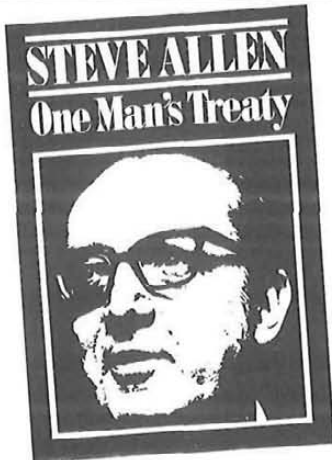
What a day for Steve's "Little Brother," Tyrell Mohammed, as "Big Brother" Steve introduces him to associate Supreme Court justice Thurgood Marshall, nuclear scientist Dr. Edward Teller, and his celebrity wife, Jayne. "My pals are Tyrell's pals," Steve declares, then adds jocularly, "but Jayne is all mine!" Tyrell says he really gains a lot from his outings with "Big Brother" Steve—"I never knew why the United States refused to define radioactive fallout as a poisonous gas when they ratified the Geneva Convention," Tyrell enthuses, "until my 'Big Brother,' Steve, took me over to Dr. Teller's house for a whole Saturday!"

A VISIT TO YOKO AND THE LOSS OF A FRIEND



"We were the kind of friends who really never have to meet or talk or write letters to understand each other," Steve told Yoko Ono (arrow) about her deceased husband, John. Both avid musicians and entertainers, Steve and John remain united by their songs. Jayne Meadows, Steve's well-known wife, gave Yoko a fern.

A MASTERSTROKE OF SENSITIVITY, JUSTICE, AND DIPLOMACY, THIS SIGNAL WORK SUCCEEDS WHERE GOVERNMENTS AND GUNS HAVE FAILED—IN PROVIDING THE FIRST DRAFT TREATY ACCEPTABLE TO BOTH THE BRITISH AND THE IRISH CATHOLICS IN NORTHERN IRELAND.



"Although conceived primarily as a legal document, Steve's text sparkles with insight and information crucial to understanding the real situation over there"—Daniel Patrick Moynihan

"Although it is highly unusual for an unsolicited private citizen of a foreign country to draft an instrument on his own volition by which the government of the United Kingdom might choose to bind itself in international affairs, if there are more individuals having Mr Allen's unique vision and perspicacity with regard to the policies of sovereign nations, then I most sincerely entreat them all to avail this government of their talents by forwarding whichever statutes, acts, conventions, protocols, charters, constitutions, and other such documents they may have composed to Parliament forthwith for their speedy ratification."

—H R H Elizabeth II

"Thank you, Steve!"
—Commanding Officer, Provisional IRA

\$17.95/\$18.95 in Canada, Japan, China, the Subcontinent, Europe, Africa, Australia, the Soviet Union, and Central and South America.
Allen Press, Publishers, 17651 Copernicus Drive, Encino, California

Personals

Minds Wanting to Meet Other Minds

Greek mathematician, military eng., friend of ruling family, discoverer of relationship between mass and displacement of water, wants to meet Steve Allen for fellowship and colloquy. Aegean or Encino, either location okay. Willing to advance all x-penses. Please reply soon. Call or write: S.A., 17651 Copernicus Drive, Encino, California

Famous admiral w/ Brit. title, defeated French at Trafalgar, prays to meet Steve Allen anywhere, anytime, for mutual illumination. Please do not disappoint me, will bear all costs. Respond to: S., 17651 Copernicus Drive, Encino, California

Politically active pontiff, bishop of Rome, Vicar of Christ, creator of well-known Line of Demarcation, seeks private audience w/Steve Allen. Will go to any length, no sacrifice too great to achieve this. Intellectual survival at stake; write: S.A., 17651 Copernicus Drive, Encino, California

Astronomer, thinker, first to determine geometrical distribution of planets in solar system, needs to meet Steve Allen to verify theorems, sharpen analytical, logic skills. Please, please, please! Write me: S., 17651 Copernicus Drive, Encino, California

Miscellaneous

Dear Steve—As usual I luv my hair. I don't know how you manage to do so much with it week after week, but you do and I luv you for it. J. Meadows, 17651 Copernicus Drive, Encino, California

FOR SALE

Celebrity Steve Allen's *The Grounds on My Table*—probing, compassionate account of immigrant housekeepers and maids who spill condiments, flower vases, and coffee grounds on Steve Allen's dining-room table, and of his meticulous investigation of the cause. Further irregularities are uncovered: when one domestic admits to shoplifting vacuum-cleaner bags, while keeping the money Steve and his talented wife, Jayne, had given her to purchase them, a pattern of abuse and indifference is revealed that leads the author to some startling, often disturbing conclusions. "Alienation, frustration, boredom, and poor self-image are now pandemic among household help." Allen declares: "unless their working conditions are improved, bus allowances are standardized, and they are addressed more humanely, the integrity and effectiveness of this country's maids will continue to decline." \$7.95/\$8.95 in Canada, China, the Subcontinent, Europe, Africa, Australia, the Soviet Union, and Central and South America. Allen Press, Publishers, 17651 Copernicus Drive, Encino, California.

Tag Sale

25,000 musical "tags," "cues," and "stings" written by celebrity-songwriter Steve Allen for sale this weekend at my home—17651 Copernicus Drive, Encino, California. Come early—all charts priced to go fast! Each composition at least ten notes long and clearly labeled with the name of the commercial or movie you would have heard it on if composer had been asked to work on that particular commercial or film. Tell your friends!

Famous People Talk About Steve



Steve Garvey:
"A natural athlete for sure. He could have played any position he wanted if he had time. His bat alone is enough to keep him alive in the outfield."



Steve Spender:
"His sense of line and breath is amazing, better than Auden's. His work should be better known."



Steve Wonder:
"What can I say? My parents named me after Steve; he'll always be the Steve to me."



Steve Martin:
"Certainly the major source of my comic inspiration—perhaps of all comic inspiration in this century!"



Steve Spielberg:
"Steve Allen. The best. I've tried to get him for every one of my films. But he's his own man. Very definitely his own man."

Stephen Valentine Patrick William Allen



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Hello, my name is Jeffery Julian DeMarco, President and Founder of Pyraponic Industries, Inc. II, ranked the **36th fastest growing company in the U.S.** as named by Inc. magazine, and the **1989 Business of the Year** recipient in San Diego, and I'll **DOUBLE your money back** if I can't:

- ▶ **DOUBLE** the growth rate of any plant;
 - ▶ **DOUBLE** the budding sites of any plant;
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 - ▶ **DOUBLE** the potency of herbs and spices;
 - ▶ **DOUBLE** the fragrance of flowers;
- I personally GUARANTEE it.

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▶ 650 schools, laboratories, and universities worldwide are using the Phototron, including Harvard, Oxford, USDA and NASA ▶ 90 day payment plan, \$39.95 down ▶ The Phototron is being used in NASA test beds for future space exploration ▶ Helps purify 1,000 cubic feet 33 times every 24 hours ▶ Over 120,000 Phototrons sold, with never a single one returned!

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AS SEEN ON TV

**SEE THE TAPE
THE GOV'T PLANT
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Hello, my name is Jeffery Julian DeMarco, President & Founder of Hemptek Industries, Inc.

This is Hemptek's first series of advertisements anywhere in the world. For the first time in over 50 years, clothing such as sweaters, shirts, and yes, even the American flag! is available from a very reputable company.

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STEVE & JAYNE - November
"Shining brightly"

STEVE
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MAGAZINE



Jayne Meadows
Steve Allen

LOAD MANAGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

if I was ever going to get a chance at another incredible night of pleasure. So I put it away.

Then, with a smile as cool as the glass of mint tea that had started it all, she shimmered out the door the same way she had shimmered in, leaving the impression of her naked body burned on my retinas like a cattle brand.

Two bumpy C-5 transport flights later, I found myself back in Greenwich, living a life whose elements—wife, kids, and a steady job as regional load manager for the gas company—now seemed as exotic as the black-market brothels of Damascus where I'd so recently been.

Needless to say, Langerhans wanted to discuss the project the moment I walked into his office, and I was more than willing to oblige. I had always shared everything with my wife before, even including Eduardo's palimony suit; and keeping silent about the things I had witnessed (and even been party to) had taken its toll. Nights were the worst: I'd go through the usual routine—put the kids to bed, lock the doors and windows, strap on the harness—but it wouldn't feel right somehow, and then came the dreams, dreams of bursting, of my insides explosively wrenched out, of over 350 pounds of bone, muscle, and fat suddenly flung against the walls, and my wife trying to explain to the cleaning lady somehow....

So I spilled it. Langerhans listened hungrily, devouring all of it, every morsel, from the duel at the airport to the Imam's Turntable of Damsels, keeping his eyes locked on me except when he paused to take notes or sip from his cocoa in that way he had. "Well," he said in his crisp Danish accent, "this calls for a celebration, wouldn't you agree?" And pressing the intercom, he said, "Wei-Ling, some cocoa for the gentleman—Flemish-style, I think."

"But what are we celebrating?"

Langerhans only smiled, however, like a wizened hermit who has been asked to divulge the unknowable dark secrets of the forest before a special Senate committee hearing on forests. Silently, his Laotian manservant brought me my drink, then glided out. I warmed my hands on the sides of the exquisite, handleless Belgian cocoa bowl.

"A toast," said Langerhans, "to you, my friend. To your tireless work, and to your devotion to the cause." We both drank deeply, and the silky chocolate liquid warmed me from head to toe.

"Few men are given the chance to prove themselves in life. Such a pity, wouldn't you agree?"

I nodded, as the warmth in my belly slowly turned to fire. My thoughts drifted to my family.

"...But you have tested yourself many times. And you have always passed. Even now the test continues, does it not?"

It was then that I knew. This was no ordinary cocoa. It was Flemish cocoa, whose secret ingredient was the batrachotoxin derived from the skin secretions of *Phyllobates terribilis*, Colombia's golden dart-poison frog. Langerhans was killing me!

"You have kept secrets from your family. You have dallied in the beds of strange women. You have posed as a gas man. But you have never died."

"Regional load manager," I interjected weakly. But I wondered why I even bothered correcting him, since I was dying. Then I wondered why I was even bothering to wonder about it. I should be thinking about better times, about my family. I wasn't organizing my final thoughts properly. I had one chance to escape and I knew it. That was when I started thinking about my family. Then I forgot what I had been thinking about before. Escape, maybe. I wasn't sure. Suddenly, though, it was too late for any more thoughts.

I was dead.

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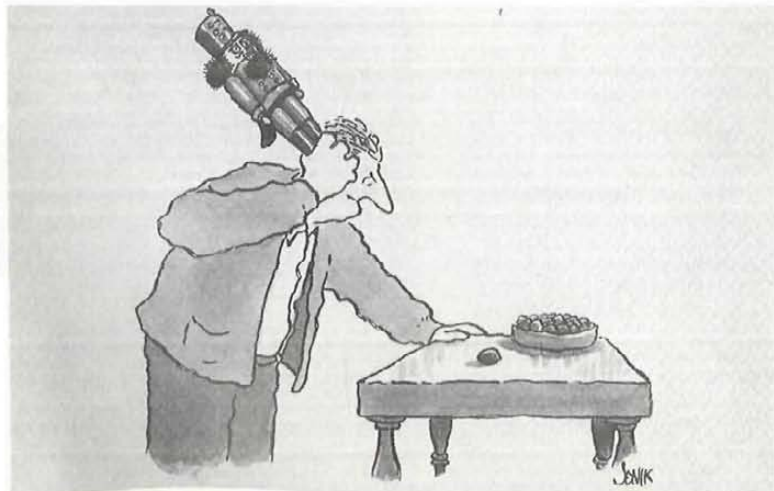
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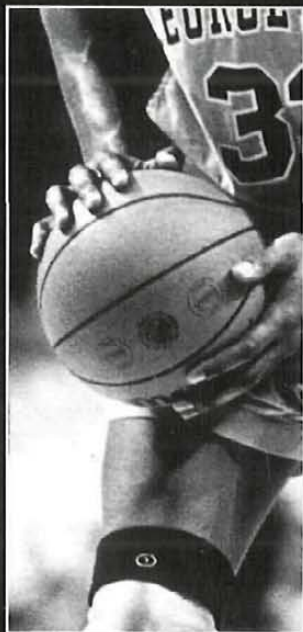
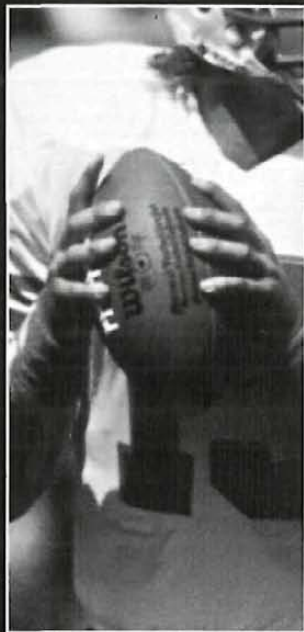
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